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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.





THE
EAGLE OF WASHINGTON:

A STORY OF THE

AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

A POEM IN THREE CANTOS.

BY BURKITT J. [✓]NEWMAN.



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ARGUMENTUM PERSONÆ.

LAWRENCE BARTON, a Gentleman in love with Miss ANNE LARISSA.

ALBERTIS SPANGLE, a Gentleman in love with Miss FRANCES EUCILIA.

JASPER McDONALD, a Gentleman in love with Miss BETTIE VESPASIA.

TOM PLEASANTS, the sage Pioneer of the Lakes.

LILY DALE, Tom's beautiful Niece.

PERCY MORTIMER, an English Officer.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, the Clown-descendant of the Clown Sir JOHN

FALSTAFF of ancient days.

AMERICAN OFFICERS AND DISTINGUISHED FRENCH.

BRITISH OFFICERS AND HESSIANS.

INTRODUCTION.

“THAT is an angel of beauty,” said JASPER McDONALD to his friend LAWRENCE BARTON at a meeting after an absence of some weeks.—This was but the introduction of a conversation which took place on one bright April morning in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five, and on the main street of Williamsburg. The above remark was made in reference to a Venus-like form whom his friend had just handed into her carriage, bound for the country residence of Mr. ROBINSON. The lady was arrayed in the gayest attire,—which only embellished nature’s beauty;—but amid her tinselled accoutrements the massy diamond sparkled, and the costly jewel glittered: yet these would but illy compete with the “beauty and grace of her figure and face.”

“Is she not,” continued McDONALD, “a bewitching belle—a nonpareil beauty? I almost think her an angel.”

“Pshaw!” responded BARTON: “she is lovely; but no more of your idolatry.” But this was not said without an audible sigh.

Williamsburg was at that time the metropolis of his Britannic Majesty’s ancient dominion of Virginia. Mr. McDONALD was an intimate friend and neighbor of Mr.

BARTON, and had lately come to town—the place of their abode being higher up in Virginia, along the border of those table-lands which stretch for many miles along the base of the Blue Ridge. Mr. BARTON had been for the last week regaling himself in the festivity of the ball-room, in the gay borough of Williamsburg, amidst the greatest array of splendor, fashion, and beauty that any Colonial (not to say kingly) palace could be expected to present; and among those who there most conspicuously dazzled and bewildered the eyes of the admiring, the lady in question (Miss ANNE L. ROBINSON) shone unsurpassed, if not unequalled, in that vast congregation. And many a fair one in sooth decked and beautified that evening the gaudy halls of Lord-Governor DUNMORE: yet, true of this lady, that, “Of the beauteous, most beautiful was she.” In addition to her personal charms and attractions, she was accounted an heiress; and this gave an interesting spell in augmenting the number of her admirers. She had the good fortune, too, of being a near relative of the accomplished Speaker of the House of Burgesses of Virginia—a gentleman who shone as a sphere of the first magnitude in the intellectual and political galaxy of the bright spirits of the day. Miss R.’s person was tall, but rather delicate; yet her features were all in perfect harmony: her hair of chestnut light harmonized sweetly with those eyes of heavenly blue. In fine, beauty, intelligence, dignity, softness, gayety, modesty, and all that characterises amiability in woman, seemed graciously to have met in her.

But as the convivialities of that great and good old borough are for the present at an end, we must turn with our two friends to the seats of their homes, which, as we before said, were situated in the table-lands of Virginia. So accordingly our heroes set out on horseback, leaving in

their rear the city of many charms, the river, and in the distance the lovely Chesapeake. It was a scene and a crisis which a poet might contemplate with emotion. But I hasten on, and give first a word of description of our heroes.

Mr. BARTON was a gentleman of an excellent education, and of polished manners. His family connections were all of the first circle: his person was tall, well-proportioned, and graceful: his physiognomy handsome and intellectual: his voice soft and insinuating. These happy qualities and qualifications, together with his pecuniary fortune, rendered him particularly a reign-beau among the belles of fashion.

His friend McDONALD, though not so handsome as Mr. B., nor so polished, nor otherwise so gifted, or so admired as BARTON, was nevertheless endowed with many good qualities, both of head and heart.—But as they are now advancing upon the table-lands, we will take a precursory view of that region as we pass.

This part of Virginia, perhaps from its fancied resemblance to the table-lands of Mexico, has sometimes been appropriately called “The Table-lands of Virginia.” They are justly celebrated as well for their picturesque landscapes as for the pureness and abundance of their fountains, and for the fruitfulness of their fields.—In the distance we view the Blue Ridge, stretching at great length from southeast to northwest. The famous “Tinted Peaks of Otter” raise their heads the most lofty and conspicuous, with a solitary exception, of all the rest of the great eastern chains. Whoever traverses these wild and highly-diversified and lovely regions is apt to remember some of the incidents or legendary stories so eloquently narrated by WIRT and others; as, for instance, the story of the “Blind Preacher,” whose overweening eloquence so com-

pletely captivated WIRT, and which he so graphically described in his interesting memoirs.—But at the time of which I am speaking,—though Nature had then spoken as potently in the formation of those gentle hills, those rugged mountains, and even that gigantic wonder, the “Natural Bridge” over Cedar Creek, which lay not far distant beyond the “Tinted Peaks of Otter;”—yes, though Nature had displayed her freaks as puissantly then as now in the formation of those purling brooks, enchanting rivulets, and those mighty rivers, which beautify that part of the State: though the James River (another Rhine) flowed as magnificently then as now; and the Shenandoah (the Rhone of Virginia), wending in its gay and quiet course towards the north, moved his limpid waters as gracefully (which often, with emotions of pleasure, the writer of this has beheld); and the circumjacent mountains of these rivers, though they do not tower like the Alps where the Gallic Rhone issues from that fair city’s pool—Geneva’s crystal Lake,—and though no city even now has sprung up near its source, like Geneva, to be the abode of modern arts, refinement, and beauty; yet even then Nature had beautified those rivers and favored that country. The Shenandoah flows through the rich vale of Virginia,—a vale as unrivaled by Nature as the most beauteous one of which polished Europe can boast. But the arts of civilized life had not then adorned his margins; and no rich mantles of agricultural verdure had clad his fair hills and prolific valleys; nor had the enterprise of man made any essay towards excavating that hidden treasure, mineral wealth, from the bowels of the adjacent mountains. The population, indeed, east of the Blue Ridge was but sparsely scattered; while the woods to the west abounded in the remnants of the tribes of the celebrated Powhattan.

Our heroes having arrived at Mr. BARTON's, who was the father of one of them, were soon ushered into the parlor of Oak-hall Mansion, amid warm-hearted welcomes and vociferous greetings of kindred and friends. This over, many inquiries about Williamsburg, the balls, the belles, etc., had to be satisfied. The room was soon graced by several ladies, besides Miss BETTIE VESPASIA (Mr. B.'s sister), who seemed a graceful and lovely nymph, but as yet only in her teens. There was likewise Miss FRANCES EUCILIA CARR, a young lady of sprightliness, beauty, and of aristocratic rank, and highly accomplished in her winning arts: especially was she so in her musical attainments, where she never failed to charm the most fastidious critic. She was in fact quite the belle of the neighborhood, and of course the center of attraction. Her parents were opulent, and she was their only child; which circumstances are apt to contribute not a little, with the fair face of beauty, to transform her sex generally into the coquette genus. Among her admirers, or (if you will) lovers, it would sometimes seem that not of the least consideration was Mr. ALBERTIS SPANGLE, a gentleman found present at Mr. B.'s.—Mr. SPANGLE was not wealthy; but, nevertheless, chiefly through his application to business, and the steadiness of his habits, and the high intelligence with which by strict culture, rather than by any superior chance of an education, he had richly endowed his mind; and thus earned an excellent name. Though of limited pecuniary means, he had been engaged in the mercantile business in a firm of respectable standing, and was not considered penniless. This gentleman had been for some time deeply smitten with Miss CARR; and, possessed with urbane and popular manners, I need scarcely say that his visits were politely and cordially received by Miss C., and that the

parents of Miss CARR regarded him with the esteem which his good character so highly merited. Indeed, Mr. S. was a guest who could not fail to embellish rather than to detract from any society in which he might happen to be placed.

It is foreign, however, from my design to give a minute narration of all the little charming talk, the sparkling bon-mots, and the airy flirtations: these are common to all circles of society, even to the most rustic and to the most embellished. Suffice it to say, that the time was varied and enlivened by chat and conversation, by music, dice-playing, politics (for the name of Whig and Tory at that time agitated the colonies); and last, but not least, love and nuptial promises—secret and endearing themes! and doubly congenial, especially to the young and beautiful—were not untouched subjects. Thus at intervals of pleasure and amusement, with congenial hearts that form a little heaven on earth, did several days hastily glide away: and yet joy and hilarity reigned through every department of that ancient homestead. But after this epoch came the next morning, and with it the tidings that were ever afterwards remembered by the ladies and gentlemen of Oak-hall Mansion. I allude to the news of a startling and extraordinary character which one of our party (Mr. McDONALD) brought from a neighboring village. I do not mean news of an amatory nature, for there was no hymeneal celebration in view. But McDONALD came with evident marks of excitement on his countenance (if joy lurked there, it was a sad joy); and he approached his friend and gravely accosted him:—

“Well, BARTON, it comes at last; a very sad budget of tidings. Better if that dragon GEORGE the Third had

been to the shades of Don Nicholas, or the Devil, long ago. But it comes at last."

"But what comes at last?" responded Mr. B., with a smile.

Mr. McDONALD then apprised the company of the fact of the commencement of hostilities between the British troops and our Yankee brethren on the fields of Lexington and Concord, which was in fact a long-suspended blow directed particularly against the enterprising and gallant sons of Boston.

"Thus," added McDONALD, "is being fulfilled that eloquent prophecy of our noble-souled PATRICK HENRY, when he said, 'The next gale that comes from the north will bring to our ears the clanking of chains, or the clash of resounding arms.'—There comes, too," continued McDONALD, "the scarcely-more-gracious news, that, by the order of his Excellency Governor DUNMORE, the Colonial magazine has been plundered of a large quantity of powder: and also the more gracious news that our good champion PATRICK HENRY wishes the militia of Hanover to assemble forthwith at Newcastle; there to confer with him for the good of the State.—What think you of this project?" continued McDONALD.

"Good; decidedly good. We are ready for his service: are we not?" replied BARTON.

"We are," reiterated McDONALD.

Mr. SPANGLE had been silent during this brief colloquium; but was likewise resolving in his mind to volunteer his services in the laudable cause of avenging his country's wrongs. Indeed, he had not read in vain PAINE's "Rights of Man," nor the perspicuous and daring views of SAMUEL ADAMS, JOHN HANCOCK, and other invincible patriots who were regarded by the Tory Ministry in the light of arch

Demi-devils. Neither had SPANGLE and his associates listened in vain to the spirit-stirring eloquence of HENRY, to remain yet dead to patriotism. These young men, burning with a zeal for their country and her glory, were in a short time assembled with the multitude at Newcastle. And it surely would have done any worthy man good (even if he had doubted the cause of Whiggery) to have viewed the master-picture of Britain and America presented by the convincing HENRY to the fancy of his already-enkindled audience.—The orator HENRY was soon proclaimed by the assemblage leader; and was now striking, or about to strike, the first blow in Virginia towards achieving our independence.

This movement struck consternation in the good citizens of Williamsburg. That loyal and petty tyrant Governor DUNMORE was surprised and baffled: his better-half—his accomplished lady—betook herself to the Fowey man-of-war then lying in Chesapeake Bay. And though Lord DUNMORE menaced the honest Colonists with the liberation and insurrection of their slaves, and with the conflagration of the city of Williamsburg, unless the rebel HENRY, as he was pleased to call him, should desist in his purpose of coercing his highness to the humiliating attitude of replacing the powder stolen from the magazine, or to the payment of a sufficient sum of money to replace the same, yet his threats were alike disregarded by the valorous HENRY and his determined band. HENRY persevered, and finally accomplished his purpose in defiance of every threat and of all hazards.

Triumphant in this, a short-lived guarantee was restored once more to the ancient Colony by the disbanding of the militia. Though the present desideratum had been achieved in Virginia without bloodshed, yet human blood had already profusely sprinkled the plains of Massachusetts. And that

patriotic Whig, PITT, Earl of Chatham, in the British Parliament had eloquently and truthfully said, that the very first blood that should be spilt from the veins of the Colonists "would create a wound, a breach, between Britain and her children that would pass the skill and ingenuity of man to heal." From this time forward but little hope was entertained in Virginia of the amicable disposition of the mother country; and consequently, at the close of the ensuing summer, Virginia, as well as several of her sister Colonies, was big and busy in the preparations of war: all seemed to wear the stern countenances of belligerents. Regiments were raised both for the volunteer and for the regular service. These were accoutered and marshaled into the service of the commonwealth. BARTON and his two friends severally became officers in companies raised, in part, by their own exertions (such, at least, is my information). Many were the days, however, that, during the summer, these gallant gentlemen spent in the company of those they loved best.—Miss FRANCES EUCILIA looked, if possible, more charming than ever; and conversed and sung more sweetly, and played the piano more enchantingly than ever: nay, ineffably more so in his (her lover's) opinion.—Nor was the graceful Miss VESPASIA less interesting to McDONALD. Truly she grew daily more fascinating and beautiful, as time hastened by.—Mr. L. BARTON paid frequent, long, and entertaining visits to the incomparable—ay, to him, the almost angelical—Miss ANNE LARISSA, a lady who, though gay, vivacious, and magnificently gaudy in the ball-room, as already described, seemed of unassuming modesty and grace at home. And now when BARTON was listening, perhaps for the last time, to that voice of bewitching melody, he, even in defiance of expected military glory in a just cause, envied the name of peace, and dreaded no lot

so much as parting from the life of a civilian. In bidding adieu to LARISSA, BARTON exclaimed, in the language of the poet Burns,

“Had we never loved so kindly;
Had we never loved so blindly;
Never met, or never parted,
We had ne’er been broken-hearted!”

It was now evidently too late for the Americans, how compatible soever it might have been to their hearts, to adopt in full the humorous advice of Dr. FRANKLIN, which was, that “the sun of liberty being set, to light up the flambeau of industry and economy, . . . and peaceably to abide their time.” On the contrary, immediate action had now become essential to our existence.

THE EAGLE OF WASHINGTON.

PROLOGUE.

My native State, receding on the left,
I bid adieu. Yes; thou hast been as kind
And lovely as a mother. Fair Virginia!
Thou dame of many a virgin beauty — ah!
And many a favored son — soon I leave thee,
Perhaps forever. Land of my youthful days!
I'll ne'er forget thee.

Yet many a fond and dear remembrance,
That brightly clusters o'er my soul, shall fade,
Shall disappear.

And yet no paradise thou art Virginia!
But, notwithstanding, I'm sad to leave thee.
Land of the Beautiful! I love thee;
And love is known by all the human race.
But to love no fairer thing than thou, Virginia!
It were a bliss of too much ecstasy;
Too sweet to last.

But oh! thy fair daughters! there's the bane,
Without an antidote to cure the heartache!
Vain are the precepts of Philosophy;
And vain my recollections of the past!
But the fair sex — thy daughters, — fair Virginia!

Alas! their charms are quite too innocent.
Poison could not rankle worse than fascination
Of one of thy fairest damsels.
But of thy sons, renowned Virginia! first,
The Father of his Country foremost stands,
The ever-fresh, immortal WASHINGTON.
Besides, five Presidents were there, thy sons;
While Henry, Marshall, Clay, Lee, Preston, Wirt,
Scott, Taylor, Randolph, Gaines, and many more
Still brighten up thy fame as years go by.
And long may History thus record thy glory
In future sons full worthy of such sires,
Such sisters, and such mother as thou art!
(But in Fame's temple never more, I hope,
Thy sons, at cost of war, to rear their names.)

But as on wings of eagle, sailing from
Thy mountain-shore dressed in romantic grandeur,
Our vessel flies, proud as bright Lucifer,
Or this majestic and exulting river
On which she moves.

I leave thee!

The Isle of Blannerhasset fades from view,
And now thy border, on Kentucky land, I leave.
'T is so; 't is so; my good old land, good-by!
But many a turbid stream, as well as crystal,
Thou dost embosom as thou grandly roll'st
Thy waters on, sublime Ohio!
Far to the West and South flow on thy lucid current,
E'en to the Gulf of Mexico. The deep,
Yes, ever-flowing and majestic stream!
Thou little knowest now what ships traverse
Thy wond'rous channel; what voices hum
Along thy agitated waters; what cities, too,
Have sprung to life, as by Enchantment's wand;
What forests disappearing from thy margin
For smiling fields abounding in their wealth.

Alas! how changed since days of Daniel Boone!
All but thyself! No boundless sylvan now
(Though many a sylvan beauty still exists)
Still decorates bewitchingly thy waters.
But where those Savage Tribes with whom brave Boone,
In wild adventures, waged guerrilla wars?
Alas! and Boone? Let Echo answer, Where?
Then do I see the land thou once didst love,
Thou lion-hearted Boone! And while our fathers
Fought Redcoats of the East, 't was left to thee
To war against the Red Man of the West:
And well thou didst thy work, though rough, indeed,
For many a Red Man from his redder blood was freed.
But I must leave thee, Colonel; and, perhaps,
In writing out the Revolutionary battles
I may recount thy daring, brilliant deeds.

FIRST CANTO.

I.

TIME was — American stars
Nor eagle o'er the field of Mars,
Nor glittering flag of red and white,
That spoke of Liberty's fair skies,
And moved the heart with fond delight,
When o'er the vanquished foe it flies;
Or gently floating to the breeze,
Or o'er the land or billowy seas:
Ere Washington, in his country's right,
Had led his men in Glory's light;
Ere Liberty, with all her charms,
Impelled her free-born sons to arms.

Gone are the days we crouched to Britain's laws!
And gone that foe of Freedom's cause!
Now Glory's freedom-banners rise,
Impurpled with encircling dyes;
And, waving 'neath all climes and skies,
With regal, golden greatness vies.
In States we stand, whose powers reach
Along the land of every beach!
Yes, States that stretch from sea to sea,
With shouts and songs of Liberty,
That onward move, like sea-tide motion,
From the Eastern to the Western Ocean.

'Twas then to infancy we sprung,
And Liberty we cheerily sung.
Fair Liberty,— Life's glad'ning theme!
Through time a pictured song or dream!
This cheered the heart of lowly peasant,
And filled him with emotions pleasant:
Aroused the soul of him despairing;
Gave heart and nerves, and made him daring:
A watchword to the martial man;
They thronged to war in many a clan.
'Twas Liberty impelled to deeds of fame:
This pointed out the path of shame.
Men breathed the air of battle's rage,
That gave them its inheritance.

Our country, young in arms and arts,
Had men withal of noble hearts,
Strength, courage, hate, that tell
How vain might ring the Savage yell.
Though greatness marked their soul in zeal,
How vast their woe! how slight their weal!
The Savages, with blood-wreaking knives,
Sent death in all shapes o'er infants and wives;
And fairest daughters were not spared their lives.
Grim wolves that prowled, and panthers sharp,

Made horrors fit for saddest harp ;
Too sad for saddest Muse to sing,
Though dipped in the Castalian Spring.
Prospects that glowed, though bright, were not spared,
And souls, filled with grief, now darkly despaired.
Yet in firmness they stood, in greatness they fell,
Whose lives, brightly valiant, for Freedom they sell.

II.

But to my theme,—a tale of love,
And war, and grief, and things above :
A time of sadness, gone, long gone,
Borne on the fleeting wings of light,
And widely, over wood and lawn,
Had set dark shadows of the night.
Sered were the glossy, varied leaves,
And Boreas swept the rustling trees.
He piped aloud his chilling blast,
While Summer's matchless beauties passed.
But Autumn's softest hues alive,
Not seeming long now to survive.
The wide, wide forest spread to view
Its foliage-tints of many a hue :
The gaudiness of red and brown
Leaped in fairy grandeur down
From the home of their summer abode ;
While thousand shades close intervene,
From yellow pale to glossy green.
All seemed an awfulness to throw,
And speak the harbinger of woe.
E'en the birds of music-charms had fled,
And groves sighed deep for verdure dead.
On such an eve, this story tells
Of heroes three ; three timid belles ;
McDonald, Spangle, Barton,—names

More fair in vows—hymeneal fanes :
But Fate proclaims that these must part,
Despite rebellion of the heart.

Adieu! McDonald leaves the maid;
She whom his heart in prayers had blest :
And shall his Vespa's beauty fade,
The victim of some Savage blade?
This "awoke his soul to sad distress :
His heart was wandering ill at rest."
And durst he leave her? though her eyes
Are filled with tear-drops, trickling o'er
That breast, that heaves her secret sighs,
As if to beat "Farewell" no more :
Her looks of soft, enchanting grace?
Her thousand moving, matchless charms?
What glowing language beams her sad'ning face!
Her snow-white neck and beauteous arms!
And shall he leave that cheek of red?
His rightful bride, and never wed?
Her ringlet hair of raven black
Seemed lovely: zephyrs waved it back.
Fascinating charms; but more the tear
Spoke in her eye of feelings dear.
And can he leave this image sweet
To march to war on footsteps fleet?
Her ruby lips (though wan, were bright,)
Too soon must vanish from his sight.
Alas! 't is hard such looks forever
From one so charming thus to sever!
But Fate decrees that they must part,
Despite of all that Nature speaks;
Despite of grief, of broken heart :
In vain their sighs and changing cheeks!

I I I.

And, Spangle, thou art doomed to fly,
 (A task unnatural and severe);
To leave Eucilia lone to sigh.
 Thy breast with doubt, and hope, and fear ;
Grief on thy heart, and tearful eye.
O! must that hope fall, wither, die?
Thy lady-love, so neatly fair ;
Thy parting seems breath of despair ;
Thy looks grow agonizing, cast
 On her the idol of thy heart ;
And did that speak of joy, thy last,
 As fell those accents "We must part?"
He leaves his parents — friends — all there :
 He weeps their loss ; but oh ! for her,
The mistress of his heart and care,
 He grieved — Eucilia, doubly dear.
If that the silent tear did start,
In all its freshness, from his heart ;
Or, big, or bright, in pity cast,
Or tear of Sorrow's bickering blast,
It matters not ; nor can I tell :
I only know they bade farewell.
 He leaves the lady of his love ;
His first fair emblem of the dove.
With adventures in the field of blood
His thoughts burned like the lava-flood.
And to his girl, while now they part,
He gives this billet of his heart :—

I V.

"O dear ! sad me ! not blest, like thee,
 With arts that can forget,
My mad'ning brain with grief and pain
 Are filled, and hope is set
 No more to rise
 To brighten up my future skies !

But, born to woe, why should I more
Demurmur at my fate?
To weep, to love, great God above
Made man for Earth's estate.
Why not like thee, as gayly free,
May I not seem to love;
And like the things, with painted wings,
From flower to flower to move!
All love for thee sincere, thou image dear,
I've felt at many an hour;
Which meets a glitter that may embitter
My heart beneath thy power.
For thee, dear Miss, I've sighed all this;
But sigh meets sigh's return:
And 't is the gain, for Love's wild chain,
This lesson that I learn,
That, when the heart feels Cupid's dart,
The owner man grows blind:
He bends a slave to Beauty's knave,
So polished and refined!
Yes; fair ones seek, in many a freak,
To quell by sweet deceit;
And, like the snake within the brake,
Your charms defy retreat.
Snake-victims try their wings to fly,
But vainly while they quake.
And arts unfair, used by our Fair,
Lull with like poison, too:
Both may inspire with Venus' fire,
For both seek to subdue.
Ambitious thou! thy laureled brow,
Through love, seeks love to quell;
But when possessed, thou wilt not bless:
Vain with thy conquest swell!

This is thy token, too truly spoken ;
The watchword of thy glory.
Joy be thy song ; hope, bliss, be long
Woven in thy story !

The play of Life is full of strife ;
(How checkered in her race!)
And the thoughtless lass of Beauty's class,
Time gives a withered face.

The fairest form fades as the morn,
As every earthly thing ;
And that which late shone in bright state
On glittering Beauty's wing,
Does often mope, in Grief's sad scope,
Like any meaner thing.
Then play the truant, in course quite fluent,
And gewgaws gayly bring.

Long years we part ; grief chills my heart :
No human loved so well.
Time can ne'er erase thy name of praise
From out my heart's deep cell !
But never, never yet thy charms shall I forget !
But, lady, adieu ! once more, adieu !
Yon orb of day has set."

But Barton leaves Larissa, too ;
And, oh ! Love has her melting pangs !
This maiden's eyes were meekly blue,
And pierced his heart like scorpion fangs.
For, true, she had that lively grace,
And lovely form and fairest face,
And all the killing charms that speak
From eye and lip and rosy cheek ;
Such as in ecstasy may rise,

And steal by storm the heart and eyes.

But the hour comes on : they bid adieu.

Farewell his friends. Larissa, too,

Fair girl, adieu ! a long good-by !

Farewell to all that strikes the eye !

V.

'Tis eve — 'tis night — and calm the hours now bring
Soft incense, on the Zephyr's gentle wing,
From fairest flowers, with dewy fragrance fraught ;
While strains in low, deep-murmuring accents ring
In all-creating bitterness of thought.
And lo ! the freshness of nocturnal air
Abates not thoughts of love, of hope, despair.
'Mid blooming flowers of sweetness, blighted leaves,
Strolled Barton on : his heart but ill at ease ;
Though azure, scarlet beauty, spread on high,
And living lights bedeck the vaulted sky.
And now he scans, with philosophic eyes,
His destined woe beneath the heavenly skies ;
While in thought of her whose beauty, wit, inspire
His breast with Venus' spark of deadly fire.
This robbed his ease. No warbling lyre could tell,
Though touched by Orpheus' deathless spell,
How much he felt — what fearful pangs arose,
And robbed his soul of Nature's sweet repose.

VI.

'Tis morn ; and winds in sad'ning strains arise ;
And earth is strewed with leaves of heavenly dyes.
The wild, shrill dirge is music to his ear ;
Whose cymbal-tones wake feelings sadly dear.
He passed a run—a purling creek,—that he
Oft passed before—oft wandered far to see.
Along its lofty banks waved evergreens,

'Mid rocks and caves that form romantic scenes.
'Mid these he oft had used to sit him down,
And scan with envious eye sweet Nature 'round.
Birds in the air, fish in the crystal stream,
Awoke delight when sad. In mirth's lone gleam
He views the crags : there wild-flowers gayly spread,
And there the bird of plumes empurpling red ;
Things that had fed his boyhood's fancy. Strange
If no tear was shed. His eye shall never range
O'er these his native wilds again. But see !
There wave the cypress and the ivy-tree ;
And chirping birds chant songs of liberty.

V I I .

Through the dark wilderness they journeyed till,
O'er many a river, they reached proud Bunker Hill :
Here were our Yankee friends prepared for strife,
With valor, ditches, guns, and drums and fife.
Here stood great Putnam ; here brave Warren, too ;
The Redcoat Britons, and our Yankees true.

Now Barton's brow was smooth from sorrow's care ;
For he had scanned brave Putnam's valor rare ;
Had viewed what firmness, with a spirit bland :
Proud that he lived in such a cause and band.
And when he saw his flag high on the air,
The floating banners, with their stripes and stars,
The pinioned eagle o'er the field of Mars,
The martial music, soothingly and soft,
He heard, he felt for victory aloft.
And when sedately he had gazed upon
The thousands, firm in heart and soul as one,
With freedom's hope his heart elated felt,
Though soon he knew around hot balls would pelt.
While for the anxious word of "Fire!" all wait,
Our wrongs decide, God of avenging fate !

For now proud Britons in dense columns came ;
They climb the hill to reach eternal fame :
Slow steps and solemn looks, and lips compressed,
They gained the summit : 'twas no place of rest.
Sad error ! Now they deem all danger past ;
But fall and die as by the Samiel blast.
" O Boys ! " cried Putnam, " powder's scarce, you know :
Waste not in vain on air a single shot.
See first the whites of teeth and eyes before
You spring your guns ; then sweep them fast and hot."

VIII

On distant hills stood those who did survey
The living glory of that lasting day.
They gazed ; and, lo ! the foe approaching near,
They see no fire ; no cannon's roar they hear ;
Their hearts dismayed, now sunk ; but soon amazed
With joy. Lo ! hark ! the ditch throughout wide blazed ;
The foe, with contumely, pride, and scorn,
With sturdy steps, and steadfast eye, came on.
They little knew what mettle ; nor could spy
The fire concealed behind those ditches nigh ;
And Putnam, saw the foe with lightning eye,
And all the cunning of an enemy,
Says quickly, " Boys, let's conquer, or let's die ! "
Till now, with all the calmness of the sky,
A dead repose had reigned throughout their ranks.
The while, with muskets primed, behind the banks
They lie in deep suspense ; and, filled with hate,
With anxiety their hearts would palpitate.
Soon Putnam sung (whom well we may admire),
" Make ready, men ! be sure to kill ! Now fire ! "

IX.

And loud the noisy guns did roar,
Wide scattering death upon the foe.

The shock, the shout, the wondrous blaze,
Made Britons stare with wild amaze.
Down they fell in dreadful numbers,
Sinking in oblivious slumbers ;
While fast and hot against them came
Shots that told for freedom's fame.
Hot blaze, and blaze with awful thunder,
Filled them with a stupid wonder,
If to take themselves to flight,
Or stand to that unequal fight.
They fly, they stand, they soon are fled,
Officers of scarlet-red.

Yet some there are who durst not fly,
But rather stand, and madly die.
Shivered on the earth they lie,
With bleeding hearts and glaring eye.
"They fly! Huzza to victory!
They fly!" McDonald loudly cried,
And shouts responded by his side.
And through our legions, far and wide,
Those accents rung with noble pride ;
And floated on the sylvan rill,
And echoed far along the hill.
Glory resounds with hearty cheers :
The foe dark-filled with dastard fears.
Thus our heroes swept their way,
(Many a Briton turned to clay ;)
Firmly stood the deathless shock,
Like Gibraltar's hoary rock.

But hark ! come cries that ring quite clever :
"Can Britons fly? Fly? Never, never !
Turn, bold Britons, in valiant might :
O, let us show them glory's right !
Come, bold boys ! Come all *en masse* ;
Break down their barricades of brass."

X.

Back to the conflict Britons come,
Dreading that mighty, dismal fun ;
Approaching slow, with circumspection,
As scanning death their near connection.
And loud again the muskets roar,
Throwing death, in wildest woe,
O'er sad mortals, as before :
They fall and die amid their gore. !
Swift the hissing balls are flying,
And fast the Britons fainting, dying.
Desperate rage and awful valor
Turning men sad, pale, and sallow.
Renewed they wax ; they draw in right.
Clinton, Burgoyne, with all their might,
Eagerly press, and join the fight,
While day-streaks sink away to night.

Our powder ! lo ! full nigh expended,
And yet the battle has not ended.
Their cannons roar on every side,
And proudly seem to turn the tide
Of war, and all our hopes to blight :
Undaunted, Hector-like we fight.
Now huge gun-ships are brought to bear ;
Enough to madden to despair.

Yon town is fired, whose lofty flame
Proclaims our glory ; Britain's shame.
It shines ; it mounts ; it dazzles far ;
And, 'neath it, dying eyes may glare.
How many men, with sighs convulse,
Die now in woe, with shivering pulse !
On, on they come ! In vain is all !
Our powder's gone ! How can they fall !
Yet hard and fierce the conflict grows
Between the Yankees and their foes.

They come ; and, near the ditch's brink,
Beneath our balls they sink ! they sink !
Their sabers now in madness clash
Amid the heavy muskets' crash.

X I .

We sound retreat ; but at the word,
In beauteous order from the herd,
From victory we march, we go,
But deal dark wounds upon the foe.
Their numerous forces throng the hill,
Who strive, with all their vaunted skill,
Our dauntless, fiery men to kill
Discreetly at their own bare will.
But still we marched ; and as we went
In wrath, with heart and hand intent,
Down to Avernus regions sent
Many, who dared oppose themselves,
To sink in spirit-land to elves.

Among the foe, there stalked a man
Who led beneath his own command
A small, a brave, a Cæsar's band.
The Americans, he now drew near ;
His eye nor soul bespoke a fear.
On, on he went, a wild career !
His men like devils ; so was he :
Rashly he came, his foe to see.

X I I .

Our souls of freemen might, ere this,
Have made him bow, the cold earth kiss,
Had he but dared to show his band,
And exercise his sharp command.
But now too late ; by battle's rage
Our boldest men had left the stage,

Save but a few. Fear seized the rest,
Urged on by many a cloven crest.

Our Warren, who, with valor blest,
Bright eloquence had fired his breast,
Stood. Firm before the flying crowd
Alone he stood, and preached aloud
Of stars and stripes, and glowing fame;
Invoked his men to turn; but, shame!
Yet turned they not. Some few (the brave),
Turned, fought, and bled, and won a grave.

Brave Warren, leading on his clan
In brilliant prowess, marked the man:
Yea, not in words, but brilliant deeds.
While flies the foe, red now he bleeds.
But on that fiery Briton flew:
Many saw him; few that knew.
He dazzled like a flaming brand,
The foremost of his deathless band.

X I I I.

But Warren met him there in rank;
Bravely fought, and bravely sank.
Many sank beneath his saber,
Ere he yielded up his labor.
The swift McDonald, with bayonet,
Made Britain's shining star then set.
McDonald slew him; but too late
To save bold Warren from his fate.
But swiftly comes a new supply,
With loudest shout and flashing eye,
Which darkly say, "Ye Rebels, fly!
Yield! yield, Americans! or die!"
Our remnant bands no longer wait,
But stately leave the mount and fate.
And Britons there in hundreds lay:
And Britons bravely won the day!

(An empty ditch, a mound of clay!)
Gainsay this, who in vain dispute!
'Twas Britain's field, and all was mute!

XIV.

The conflict now was fairly lost and won.
The field was strewn with many a Briton son.
With piteous groans and blood-stained hands and eyes,
They call upon Jehovah of the skies.
They cry for mercy; and, with hideous sighs,
For water, quailing at the sight of death.
Calm others yield their latest, saddest breath.
In wrath some curse, while on the eve of life;
And damn their faults, this inauspicious strife.
But some there were who bled, not long since boys,
Who thought of parents and domestic joys.

And Barton viewed this scene with pensive brow:
An hour replete with glory, even now,
He felt; but still, heart-sickened at the scene,
'Mid groans and wailing sighs of anguish keen,
He turned, and would have loved fair calm's serene.
He thought of Warren; he who did expire
Within his arms, amid the clash and fire.
Wide o'er the dreadful field he cast his eyes,
And viewed what ought to awe, astound, surprise.
Alas! how many fates are fixed! They sigh
Adieu to earth, and close their eye.
Alas! how pale they look! who but yesterday
Glowed in health, strength, and promise; but to-day
In heaps on heaps o'er field of blood they lay,
And die beneath the sun's bright, piercing ray.

XV.

My theme of war no longer laid aside:
Our infant nation's glory, prowess, pride:

How generals planned ; how patriot heroes fell ;
Immortal acts of glory let me tell.

And now a sanguine battle, near York's isle,
Takes place, where glory sheds her lavished smile.
Of heroes famed, here Knowlton bore his part,
Who stood with L. and Spangle hand and heart ;
And gained a brilliant triumph, such as spread
Fame o'er the lovely tombs of those who bled.
Who fight for bliss may find a warrior's bed ;
Who fight for fame, with chaplets twine his brow ;
Who died for freedom lives in others now.

Wave, tree of laurel ! with your lasting green,
And dedicate with life the living dead ;

And be an emblem of their sacred sheen,
The representatives of spirits fled.

The battle fiercely rages : swift and keen
It grows : their valor mixed with deadly spleen.
The foe comes bravely on ; and bravely, truly,
Americans soon prove themselves unruly.
It grows an angry element of fire.
The eagle soared above in piercing ire.
And Britain's angry lion, too, is there,
His victims ready to devour ; ne'er to spare.

XVI.

And shouts of triumph float upon the air ;
And smoke, and clang of direful guns and blades,
Declared the courage not of gasconades.

And oh ! what dauntless men did glitter there !
And fell full glowing like some falling star.
And by the balls that, hissing death afar,
The elements of earth are made to jar.
And there the souls of worth did stand and fall,
And bade adieu at Death's tremendous call.
Here Knowlton falls. Amid wild strife he feels
The death-blow that his fiery eyeballs seals ;
And the wild roar of battle loudly peals,

Shakes all around : his band of valor reels.

'T was by McDonald's side he fell,
When louder cries arise in hideous yells.
Loud and more loud the clang of battle swells ;
E'en Savage notes (what harmony !) ring well :
They vail that spot in elements of hell.

Now far McDonald's claymore swept ; while Leach
Attempts to flank the foe, in hopes to teach
Them due submission. Valiantly he fought,
This bold Virginian, till his life was nought.

XVII.

Still bravely Spangle and McDonald stood,
And fought in wrath amid their comrades' blood.
Outdone in hosts, they stood a Spartan band,
And fought, beneath their country's high command,
For Liberty ; that ever-glorious cause !
Best for man's glory ; best for waging wars !
They stand. Balls, bayonets, swords, spears, and shot
Flew densely : joy wished their hissing not.
Their foes sink down in heaps on every hand :
Each army dwindles to its remnant band.
But hark ! the foe takes flight, stung with red slaughter :
In flying steps they pass o'er yonder water.
On, on their speed ; nor deign to cry for quarter.
As hawk, an eagle dreads, so dreaded they, till night
Stopped the mad havoc and their wild affright.

Thus waned away that happy, memorable day ;
And Sol's last, lingering beam of heat and light
Played on the forms of men of lifeless clay.

XVIII.

Few days had passed ere yet another band
Moved from the town to devastate our land.
A small militia-band advance to meet them,
And with soft lead a warm reception greet them.

This was a movement bold, yet indiscreet.
We met the foe, and fought and met defeat.
Their solid hosts o'ercame our slender might,
And dashed to earth our old men in the fight.
Old men and boys, moved on by freedom's charms,
Had gathered themselves *en masse*, with hardy arms,
But proved too weak. To New York City taken,
With grief (poor lads!) their sad'ning hearts are aching.
Lo! now, the jail! that dark and gloomy cell,
Where soon 'mid death and sickness doomed to dwell :
Its very port seemed gate to shades of hell.

The crowd, all gathered near, with taunting sneers
Made hearts so young sigh, weep in gushing tears.
Alas! how bitterly they wept! The while
They met wild jeers, but no familiar smile.
But, praise to one, a Briton heard their sighs,
Who of the crowd alone had pitying eyes.
His words were soothing, mild; and well their grief,
Its cause, he knew. He flew and gained relief.
"My youthful men," he said, with cheering smile,
"Go home, and shun the path of war and wile."
This generous youth was ANDRE, whose sad tale
We, in some other page, may chance bewail.

X I X .

Oh! Christian nations! could you view the blood
You spill roll one ensanguinary flood,
The bones of victims bleached upon the plain,
Would ye not learn the arts of peace? refrain
From love of carnage? slaughter fresh and red?
Washed white by tears of wives and orphans shed.
Should man exult in wanton misery,
Inflicted by his hand? It seems to me
A savage joy: perhaps I err. We know
That piety may tolerate, but not cure
The world of war's immedicable woe.

Heed not the mirth ye mar, then, monarchs wise!
Let tears go rippling on from weeping eyes!
Force from their homes your men to distant lands,
To slay their brothers with their blood-stained hands!
Waste, plunder, pillage countries, towns, and stores!
And mar the weak, the noble, all your foes!
But if that fame ye seek, that rise in glory's palm,
Cease, cease, ye tyrants, wars on Liberty.
Yes, cease your thousand crimes o'er land and sea.

X X .

A gloomy shade spreads o'er our struggling land;
And seems the glorious cause to dwindle. Small the band
Of freemen; yet they wisely stood, or run
Through Jersey, eying what by chance is won.
What worth our dauntless Revolutionary boys
Possessed! Clothesless through snows and ice went they.
Sad pleasures these may seem! yea, paltry joys!
But oh! they looked to some bright future day!
Sad, sad their fates! pale, pale their cheeks! they stood
At times, no doubt, in melancholy mood.

In some, all-beaming hope was gone, had fled:
Their spirits drooped at freedom's genius dead.
Great WASHINGTON stands by his patriot bands:
He soothes their sorrows, and their love commands;
Condoles, partakes of their unhappy grief:
He loves his soldiers, fain would give relief.
Oft he was seen alone to weep for woes
He could not heal: nor well would he repose
Amid such piercing scenes; yet o'er the sod,
Pursued by Britain's hosts for many a rod,
He kept his eminence by skill, by power of God.

X X I .

And now he passed the rolling Delaware,
Which tranquilly glides on to ocean far,

And halts. Cornwallis, who pursued in haste,
His men encamped where best did suit his taste :
Whose legions far disjoined in cities three,
In hopes to catch our Champion of the Free.
Awaiting Nature's ice-bridge o'er the river,
Then Britons close for George the Rebel's liver.
"Now is the time," says Washington, "to clip
Their wings, while spread so far, though well equipped."
To three known towns great Washington now goes,
His patriot-love to war against his foes.

'Twas on a Christmas Eve, and cold and dark,
While now Americans on floods embark,
The ice fast floating down the chilly stream,
At black midnight. Awful did that hour seem
To soldiers sad, whose feet were red with blood ;
But still they strove against the icy flood.
Not daunted by the river swift and deep,
Not by the crashing ice, with noisy sweep,
Was Washington. Two legions of his might,
Unknown, though firm each man his foe to fight,
Against the ice and roaring torrent failed,
By tender souls well were that night bewailed.

X X I I .

By fancy's eye we see the forlorn-hope ;
Through dark, cold night and chilling scenes to mope.
Sad Freedom's Genius, driven from the world,
Along wild woods on far America hurled :
Here sought the Genius an asylum best,
Afar from pomp or potentates to rest.
Here fondly hoped, through long, unfailing time,
To see her sons in toil averse to crime.
From famine and oppression free, and blest
With gems of liberty in every breast.
With fleets and armies tyrants sought her life,
To clip her wing, and all her gems to blight.

Here flit the Genius on through chilling night ;
Her sons had gathered round her in the fight.
Some with deep wounds had found a bloody bed ;
While others, in woe dispersed, desponding, fled.

Pale and in tears she moved along the vale.
One little band was left, and deadly pale.
Their eyes oft turned to heaven, as to implore
Some aid Divine against their trampling foe.

X X I I I .

'Twas Christmas time, and merry grew the boys
Of Britain, high inflated with the joys
That spring from wine's or brandy's flowing bowls ;
A joy satiety alone controls.

Their egg-nogs sparkling charmed their lively souls,
And gave them life and strength and courage rare.
They cursed the earth, and lashed the winter air.
The Hessians (poor, vain, weak, and silly things!)
Glittered there sad fools! base implements of kings!
These now as drunk as Bacchus, or Nick Deuse,
Still sipped their wines, or squeezed the lemon juice.
But ah! amid their highest glee of folly,
The smoke, wide-spread, arose: dark was the volley.
And far and wide the roar of guns was heard ;
While Hessians stationed at their posts now feared,
And mournfully in squandering groups withdrew.
O could they 'scape that sick'ning sound which threw
Gloom o'er their dastard hearts, and chilled them through!

X X I V .

Now pressed by Washington, with dreadful fires,
They fled with all that fear his name inspires.
This roused Knipphausen from his reverie:
His Hessian boys all broke their glad'ning glee.
With flashing eyes of fire, wide-stretched and wild,

They wondered at the wild and subtle wile.
The rav'nous fox they deemed, by tricks, by snares,
Had caught the innocent, unthinking hares.
Dismayed, confused, like lambs before the knife
They kneel: they seek, they beg, they pray for life.
The foe they thought like hungry wolves would eat,
And tear a-raw their flesh from head to feet.
Fed on such logic, Hessians seemed to be
With flaming wrongs at heart and savage glee,
Which burned against the fair American name,
Without reserve of modesty or shame.
Vile deeds of lust they deemed too good by far,
And wantonly all charming things would mar.
Houses their conflagrating fires destroyed;
And cattle bled where pillage made a void.
They scorned the sex, and oft spread consternation
Along their march throughout our infant nation.
But, thus ensnared, the Hessians found their error,
And joy soon followed their panic-stricken terror.
By Britain's fibs, they saw, they had been cheated,
And wished at last their Punic craft defeated.
Americans, they felt, much more than others,
If Cannibals or men, did act as brothers,
Instead of sucking blood, as wolves or panthers.
Their wounds were dressed; then supped they other decanters.
Balm healed their grateful hearts; that healed their shame:
And last they eulogize our Yankee name.

X X V.

So brightly gained, this victory renowned
To our sad soldiers proved a happy sound.
It raised their drooping hearts, and brighter earth
Appeared, and life and strength renewed their birth.
Their arms they flourished, glittering in the sun;
Aloud proclaimed the laurels freshly won.

But when Kniphausen, through his hasty flight,

Arrived at Princeton, ere the dawn of light,
With horror stricken, high he raised his arm,
And gave with panting heart the sad alarm!
This dark, black news to Brunswick quickly spread:
How George had conquered! how Kniphausen fled!
Their Brits, their Hessians snared; their Rhal! Rhal dead!
This did not soothe their hearts, or make them light,
Like flowing bowls of eggnog, wine, or brandy;
Or, like a fair one's face that glitters bright,
It caused not one to feel himself a dandy.
Their convivial hearts, indeed, sank for awhile;
Soon Bacchanalian eggnogs made them smile.
They smiled in scorn; no thankful souls had they:
They cursed, they raved, they damned that very day.
The American hero a nightly beast
They damned, for breaking up their jovial feast.

X X V I.

In haste Cornwallis moved with all his might,
His heart's blood curdling with malignant spite
(For wild he grew at news he heard of late);
The while he wished his foe a sanguine fight,
And hoped to gain a laurel fresh and bright.
Now on his brow hope, fear, and danger sate;
And now his Briton's near that noble river,
Where Washington his men must soon deliver.
In wrath and pomp they come; their flags unfurl;
Wave with the grandeur of their high-born earl.
To him they fancied soon the Western World
Must bow: the stars and stripes and eagle furl.
Great Washington they come in hopes to see;
Americans, with him, to massacre.
Inflated high with rage and daring spirit,
Our chief, the rebel coon, Brits hoped to ferret.
They march to Trenton, where they meet our chief,
Who fitly fights for Freedom's sweet relief.

There flows a purling stream called Assanpink,
Which throws fair Trenton in two pigmy parts.
The belligerents marshaled on each brink,
And fired full many a ball red-hot, and darts
In hideous forms, till now the lucid water
Grew red with blood, so madly raged the slaughter.
It raged and foamed, till twilight eve was gone.
Cornwallis now awaits the rising morn.
"Then lads," said he, "with our o'erwhelming numbers,
Aurora's breath the signal, on their slumbers
We fall."—Britannia's hosts, inspired with hope,
Thought now their arms with Washington could cope.
They gloried o'er their vantage ground; and oh!
They joyed that now they had entrapped their foe!

X X V I I.

The morning came; and fresh and bright
Aurora's ray and crimson light
Stretched forth its fiery beauties far,
More sparkling than yon vesper star.
And Britons rose, with hearts full light,
From blissful slumbers of the night.
They point to yonder flick'ring light,
Shining still obscurely bright,
Where late America's fairest worth,
Amid his camp, had trod the earth,
With glowing cheeks they point in haste:
No time they deem is theirs to waste.
Making ready the foe to assault,
They march full near: they halt; they halt.
Why do they halt? Can yonder blaze
Strike them with strange, with sad amaze?
Does the foe stand ready to fight?
Their arms fierce-glittering with the light?
Do their hearts awake and flutter?
Why (O why?) their voices mutter?

We hear their hums; we see them turn :
Their cheeks, inflamed with anger, burn.
Musing awhile, they sadly think
Their souls on ruin's doleful brink.

"What noise terrific? Ah! 't is thunder!"
They sighed in wrath and musing wonder.
And, strange, 't is gloomy winter : oh!
Gone! gone! he's there, our crafty foe!
'T was so: the subtle trick was done
By the great man George Washington.

X X V I I I.

Deep in the night, with fires blazing,
(A truth it is; a truth amazing,)
He struck his tents, and moved away
To Princeton ere the dawn of day.
And near that town, the foe austere
He meets: no time to hold confer;
But bullets whistle far and near.
Our leader-hero has no fear.
But men he had (O shameful sight!)
Who basely took themselves to flight.
And well our hero knew at stake
Was all, if men ignobly break.
Then snatched a standard, and, advancing,
He, o'er each army slightly glancing,
Thus said: "Men of heroic race!
The cause remember, and your place:
That sacred cause, our lives for glory
Are pledged! Your foe stands near! What Tory
So mean"—they hear, and with assent
They turn; their many voices blent
For fight. Their guns, with many a flash,
Spoke. Bayonets and sabers clash.
And now our foes in haste retire,
Still keeping up retreating fire.

Winding, circling in the attack,
They leave behind a bloody track.
Swift o'er the ground in hasty flight,
Some miles to Princeton, ere 't was light,
For shelter's aid, did they betake;
Nor farther march for Trenton make.

X X I X.

Pursued by Washington, ah! well,
If some escaped the shades of hell!
Now Princeton's garrison awoke;
Confusion sad their slumbers broke.
No time to ponder o'er their state,
They hear the guns insatiate.
And from their dreams they wildly rise;
Their friends are back before their eyes.
They come; they come as coursers fly,
With many a shrill and loud war-cry,
That follows where they fall and die.

But their pursuers intermix:
A few, hemmed in, their swords transfix.
Mercer, who leads the foremost band,
Falls, bleeding on the barren sand;
But no surrender. Fighting still,
His strength proved weaker than his will.

Thus fell Virginia's gifted son,
Whose brow was decked with laurels won.
Still on, proud Queen Britannia flies;
Nor waits to see who madly dies.
For covert, ho! the town she takes;
Beneath her feet earth, moving, quakes:
Cathedral walls and towers vibrate:
Still grapple men against their fate,
Impelled by fear and mingled hate.

X X X.

On press Americans. No recoil
Is theirs from lead in battle's broil.
On, on they press (but not for spoil),
Undaunted by severest toil.

The town besieged, and men awaken ;
Some bleeding lie, and others taken.
On Washington went ; his noble band
All aiding him with heart and hand.
And happy 'neath his high command.
In many a group the Hessians fought
With their fierce foes. They feared, if caught,
Be theirs all torture—souls and hide :
And hence to houses fortified
Betook : one band betook to college,
As eager to improve their knowledge.
The Muses now refuse their aid,
Though as they fought anon they prayed.
This soon becomes the seat of war,
Which Hessians trembled as they saw.
But lo! the sound of battle's din
Still rises loud ; and loud agen
Shrill rolls the sound of culverin,
And fast the balls go whistling through,
Killing the wild, disheartened few ;
While the college's floor with blood
Grows red and slippery with the flood.
Now the trampling walls do quake,
As the shots their way through break.
Lo! the Hesse with fear is quivering,
And the vaulted roof is shivering!
Ah! desperation's selves must yield
Their college red, their battlefield.

X X X I.

They yield; and, sad to see the dead
Stretched o'er the field in crimson red,
What serious thoughts impress the mind
Of grief, regret, for humankind!
What gleams of joy it brings to find
The hope to lay our armor by,
And dwell in peace with sunny sky!
A blissful sight, though dark, to know
That shivered lie the prostrate foe!
Sick'ning to see their blood and gore
Stain the fair earth, they move no more!
We see them dying, ghastly creatures!
We hear their sobs, and scan their features!
Despair is marked in many faces:
They weep, lament their varying cases.

X X X I I.

But ladies fair, ye have a place;
Your lineaments I love to trace.
My hero Spangle did his part
In battle's din, with sword and heart.
But, when the battle died away,
And there had dawned a calmer day,
To one addressed these lines of love,
Fairer than earth and stars above:
The sweet Eucilia, who still
Was mistress of his heart and will:
Nor knew he if alive or dead,
Or wan her cheek, or glowing red.
But aside he laid his falchion blade;
These words to chant his beauteous maid:—

“DEAR EUCILIA, The cannon's crash, ;
All terrors that dismay,

Are nothing to thy frown—but rash
 You call me and my lay.
I deemed that time and distant scenes
 Had healed this mad'ning love ;
But still my heart in transport leans
 On thee, than things above.
I love thy form far more than all,
 So pictured and so fair.
Musing, I start at fancy's call ;
 But view but death, despair.
Fair lady, I forget thee not ;
 Yet this hour no sweetness brings.
Sad carnage spreads around : no spot
 But filled with sorrow's stings.
Victory indeed is ours ;
 And for my country's sake
I joy ; but o'er brave Mercer lowers
 That sleep which will not wake.
Since bitters here outweigh the sweets
 Which agony now brings,
Some future hour may bear its treats
 For present sufferings."

And more he said that would not look so well,
And modesty, perhaps forbids to tell.

X X X I I I .

He little thought that even now, alone,
 In tender, melancholy grief, was looking
Eucilia fair, whose words had saddest tone ;
Looking for him upon the storm and war ;
 Thinking on him, perhaps ; or spinning, cooking.
On him she thought, so distant now removed ;
 But who could tell if that she really loved him !
Yes, timid maiden heart ! she sinks, she fears,
 And many waking thoughts now o'er her fancy steals,

Of love, grief, hope: solitary, with tears,
 A cankered heart in warm profusion deals.
 She stood upon the porch, in pensive mood,
 And gazed; but all was darkness, while the flood
 Of waters rolled; the rain in torrents fell;
 And fiery lightnings, coruscating, well;
 And Vulcan's startling, deafening peals she hears.
 Sad solitude her sadder heart now feels.
 And thus in gloom, alone, perhaps, she felt,
 And on some past sweet conversation dwelt,
 Of one far, far away: perhaps she knew
 He loved her most of all, when home he bade adieu.

XXXIV.

But, my gentle reader, wilt thou pause awhile,
 Not that thou hast the history of the war;
 Pause not to exercise the sneer, or smile,
 And deem my musings worth a single straw.
 Pause thou! Think not I meant my tale too nice;
 I grant these simple truths may not entice:
 Yet, critic, pause thou, too! Damn not as trash
 A thing thou scorn'st unworthy of the lash!
 Withhold the rod, or first look where you hit;
 Since 't is no subject for satiric wit.
 And soon, perhaps, we shall extend our story,
 And sing our hearts, our fathers wreathes of glory.
 Let's please the critics, if of genuine cast;
 Else please our countrymen, and critics last.
 I ask not that ye may extol my lays:
 I ask not, nay a single line, in praise.
 Now, gentle readers, you may find my next
 What you would wish. Well, be not sadly vexed
 With the First Canto. Here I take my leave.
 I hope there's nothing bad, that may deceive,
 In this fragile web, which I from History weave.

SECOND CANTO.

PROLOGUE.

HAIL, Liberty! first gift of God!
Hail, freemen! fair America's sod!
Hail, champions! ye that bled.
Hail, sacred tombs of heroes dead!
Long on our hearts and shrines shall last
The memory and glories past
Of you; of all who tyrants braved;
Who gave to fame a people saved!
Hail great WASHINGTON! thy hands
Led on victorious Spartan bands.
Bright chief renowned! 't was thy command
That glory gained for freedom's land.
We hail thy ashes, lowly hid
Beneath the coffin's moldering lid.
We hail thy clay, with joy and love,
Whose soul now dwells in realms above.
To thee, command on earth was given;
Thy peerless soul now lives in heaven.
We hail all, all America's brave:
Their dust reposes in the grave:
Their pictures live in freemen's souls,
While time and wide eternity rolls.
Dan Morgan, hail! Greene, Lee, and Gates!
Shine brightly fair, ye gems of States!
In the vault-skies thy stars are set:
In fame thy deeds are living yet!
Endeared through time, ye live forever!

Thy patriot sons forgetting never.
Kings in their pageantry shall rot :
Their fame so light shall be forgot.
In brighter time thrones must decay ;
Their regal powers pass away ;
And monarchs fall—yes, fall they must ;
Their temples crumble in the dust.
Their diadems of glittering hue
Shall perish with all tyrants, too.
Aloft shall freedom's heroes still
Live in each ripple and each rill.
Through flowery vales and hillocks long,
Their praise shall rise in vocal song ;
Even till time shall cease to be,
When the dead shall wake from earth and sea.

I.

MONTGOMERY, great man of generous worth,
A noble-spirited soul of Irish birth,
Sent on by Washington, with daring bands,
Invades afar Canadians' gloomy lands.
Along Saint Lawrence's splendid stream he passed,
And vale of beauty. Oft his eyes he cast
Afar, the east his green Hibernian isle,
Which seemed anon, through sighs and tears, to smile.
Oft thought of bliss ; that bliss in which he dwelt :
His sweet domestic circle, that would melt
His heart in tenderness. Oft deeply felt
Montgomery for Hibernia's emerald isle ;
Shed tears to leave, so much he loved her smile.
Her smile beamed hope for him, who far had gone
To fight for Freedom's bright and blissful dawn.

He came and conquered. The Canadians saw
'T was much in vain to strive with us in war.
He took their Montreal with unrivaled speed,
Subdued the lands surrounding, and decreed
The people freedom's goddess: she that waits,
Deigning not to cringe on potentates.

II.

Meanwhile impetuous Arnold's fiery star
Breaks through the wilds of Northern Maine, afar.
The rapid Kennebec his hosts ascended,
With darkest troubles, ere his course had ended.
By toil they overcame the baffling river,
The chilling blasts and ice that made them shiver;
The forests wide, wild rocks, and cataracts;
Red Men by whom anon were mad attacks.
Deprived of food, still modern Hannibal
Urged on his men, up cataract and fall.
Thence down the Chaudiere wend their course:
On Lawrence's stream they concentrate their force.
Here brave Montgomery and Arnold meet,
Unite their men, and on success they greet.
All other towns, save Quebec, 'lone, they'd won,
Through wide Canadian snows; and many a son
Of southern climes had shed his blood, 'mid ice,
For liberty: 't was blood the peerless price.
By bold attacks, magnificent success;
Souls won in wrath nor won for freedom less;
The driven snows of heaven, wide-spread,
Chilled o'er the hearts of those whose bodies bled:
Gloom filled the land: Canadian winds and ice
Bespake the rigors of dark winter time.
We move with music sweetly as sublime,
With forces small; but let this phrase suffice:
With snows and ice more rigid grew the clime. !

III.

We mount o'er crags and rocks, and gain the height,
Where plains of Abraham spread before the sight;
The heights where once our hero gained renown:
Him may the gods once more with garlands crown!

'T was here bold Wolf, in times and prowess gone,
In Britain's sheen, fought. France a life had lost:

Yes, 'mid the victory, like a flower of morn,
He fell; was withered, at his nation's cost!

Now on Montgomery, with sword in hand,
To yonder fortress leads his chosen band.
Impetuous Arnold seems, as flaming fire:
Is here, is there, his legions to inspire
With courage. Yea, his valor shines so clear
To all, he moves insensible of fear.

"Onward, brave men!" their leader gives the word.
Inured to toils, not much they danger feared.
Straightway they storm; while many a hero dies
Amid the smoke, that up like incense rise
To heaven. They hide the clouds and vaulted skies
In blood, 'mid sabers, guns, and raking fire;
While men with piteous groans in heaps expire.

IV.

Our Barton stands by bold Montgomery's side,
And jointly felled fierce Britons, far and wide.
On, on, as swift tornado, boldly sweeps
Montgomery. He scales the walls; and by his side
Our Barton bounded, in his prowess' pride.
Alas! soon lie, in bloody paleness lie,

His comrades many, following close his leap!
Like forest leaves, in heaps they blighted die,

And lose their vivid hues in lasting sleep!
But lo! the foemen can no longer keep
Their stand: they fall. Now sanguinely must weep

Hearts woful hence ; with grief, how darkly deep !
On, on, yet on, our host the barricade
Have passed. Shall cherished hope, like flowers, fade,
'Mid clouds and snows, and fumes and gloomy shade ?

Inmixed with snows Montgomery's bold throng
Diminished ; though in numbers, swept along,
They clear the ditch. Swords drawn, they put to flight
Canadians, Britons, who no longer fight.

V.

He hastes to yonder citadel, where all
Was to be won or lost by chance of fall.
By fiercest fire his men are swept away :
Lifeless in blood on every hand they lay.
The onset bold ; but madly yet they fell,
By grapeshot hissing from the citadel.
With many wounds Montgomery falls and dies :
His men like furies stand ; noise, clangor rise.
Then Arnold falls ; but Barton turns the dart,
Hurled in dark fury at his fainting heart.
Cool-headed Morgan glittered in command,

Whose valor here high shown in sanguine strife :
He led from citadel his remnant band,

Deeming in vain to spend more noble life
Against their walls impregnable, at sound of fife,
While friends and foes red-wreaking was each knife.

VI.

Now to their camps the snow deep blows in drifts ;
Too sad for creatures welt'ring in their gore !
Alas ! too sad ! They view their once-bright south no more !
Alas ! how gloomy rear yon hoary cliffs !
But all is gone ; all hopes of victory.
And Morgan sounds retreat—must flee !
Dark wave the eagle-plumes—plumes of the free !
To praise an enemy (no moderate praise ;

Yet merit calls), refuse no Muse her lays!
Then speak, fond Muse! In fearless raptures tell
Of English fame, where England's children fell.
For Governor Carleton, with most tender care,
To all behaved who fell within his power.
Their wounds were dressed; erased was misery's fear;
The naked clothed: on these no scorn did lower;
But pity. Sweet benevolence of that hour!

VII.

On Barton's brow a gloomy sadness spread.
He sighed that many a fellow-soldier bled.
"Farewell, snow hills and vales, so drear and hoary! .
Adieu! ye snow- and blood-clad scenes, adieu!
There live a monument of weeping glory!"
Thus to dead friends and foes he bade adieu.
Thence Morgan led his shattered bands. Regret,
Gloom, veiled his brow, on which dark sorrow set.
He knew Canadian laurels now were done:
How bright were these had they that fortress won!
Down Abraham's steep, with many a cold, sad shiver,
They wend their course 'long fair Saint Lawrence river.

VIII.

But shall we follow Barton more (the brave),
Far o'er the mountain, or along the wave?
If so, then to another quarter glance
Thine eye, where Lake Champlain may yet enhance;
And see the mounts high rear their rugged heads;
The crystal waters in their deep, clear beds;
The opening plain survey; the wide expanse;
The rolling streams that charms to these enhance!
These charms, and wild Niagara he viewed;
That seems some thund'ring god in angry feud:
His mist in cloud-like vapors rise on high,
And screen from vision the cerulean sky.

But now near placid Lake Champlain he sate,
With brow as smooth as soul at sweet repose.
If e'er he thirst for blood, well satiate
That thirst, deep-vented, on his carnate foes.
He mused along the bright and glassy Lake :
A skiff he launched, whose oars the waters break.
How purely calm now o'er the surf he glides !
'Tis summer's eve : ah ! softly sweet he rides !
The mount high o'er his head, with threatening cliff,
To crush below the surf his slender skiff.
While smooth the waters lay, and sweetly bright,
Skies fair (not yet has sunk yon orb of light) ;
Still gently glides he on his fragile bark,
And on the strand his eyes wild beauties mark.

I X .

A jutting peak, a flower-clad steep, he gains.
Delicious scene ! This, this rewards his pains !
Here rocks, torn by convulsive Nature's hand,
Seem Nature's fortress thrown along the strand.
He views unequalled landscapes, beauteous bay,
And 'round the promontory bespecked with spray :
He passed in solitude the remnant day.
Here meadow spreads, while there a velvet lawn.

Bright dews bespangled as at radiant morn ;
And twilight's sweet perfumes and fragrant flowers
Spread soft her mantle where the surges break.
Like heaven the spot ! Eve with serenest hours !

How fair, how lovely this enchanting Lake !
Hard by a rill a neat-built cottage stood,
With all the sweets of garden and a wood.
Thus did rich crops wave o'er the fertile soil,
Where tyrants knew not, else would fain despoil.
But small the space : trees, fruits, delicious hung ;
Then hills high reared, where mingled wild notes rung :
A scarlet tint touched skies of azure hue,
And the small fields were steeped in balmy dew.

X.

Here dwelt a lord, unknown his lineage, birth,
By hills encircled from creation's earth.
And Barton viewed the glossy-plumaged flocks ;
Wild, swimming fowls amid the moss-grown rocks.
Gray rocks in heaps anon in distance rise,
To reach in cloud-capt pinnacles the skies,
To Barton these romantic scenes did tell,
It were a blissful spot lone here to dwell,
And drink calm solitude's perennial well.
How many fascinations, strangely fair !
Here lavished Nature spreads her bounties rare !

But lightly strolled he on. The moon pale, bland,
And stars gave light. His brow the zephyrs fanned.
These now reflect upon the Lake's deep mass
Of waters, wild and beautifully grand.
Alas ! but life of liveliest beauty soon we pass !

X I.

Morn dawns. He leaves the peaceful cot to face
Things formed by Nature's God for hermit's place,
Steers o'er the Lake by yonder verdant isles,
Where nymphthic beauties seem arrayed in smiles.
Here spreads an isle, laved by the clear, calm Lake,

As wild as Nature's plastic hand could wish :
A covelet parts a lawn and weedy brake ;

And near the edge, how plays the salmon fish !
While close in secret coils the wily snake
Slumbers in venom on the bordering Lake.
And ducks in wildness glide not far aloof,

And birds of music carol in the trees :
These give together a bewitching proof,

With all the odors flowing in the breeze,
That 't was the fairest spot of loveliness.

Where hearts grow glad though pining in distress.

Here Barton viewed high hills and soft, green plains,
Where peace and happiness were meet to reign ;
And thought and sighed, while gazing lonely there,
How in yon forest o'er the waters far,
By nought well-governed, save by Nature's law,
The Indian brandishes his ax of war :
Yes ; there in wild barbarity seeks game ;
Such is his world, his wealth, his spire of fame.
How oft, far o'er yon mount of azure hue,
He comes, he glides o'er lake his light canoe!

XII.

And yonder, where enlightened man may dwell,
And once secure from tyrants' gyving weight,
Bright are the fields around each humble cell ;
And woody mountain rise o'er shady dell.
But there wild song we hear of warbling bird,
And oft, on Sabbath, sounds of churching bell :
But now sad strains awake ! War's tocsin's heard ;
Though still enchanting notes of music swell.
Yes, yes, there, soft, bewitching Beauty's eye
Claims admiration ; from the heart the sigh !
And well did fancy and his eyes now view
The lake of silver, and the mountains hue
Of sky-colored beauty, which the distance threw.

XIII.

But hark ! some sounds float o'er the fairy isle !
(Can virtue's self in this lone islet dwell !
The while wild rocks and trees and waters smile !)
'Tis music's quick, glad tones, in heaven-born spell,
That roll enchantingly along the dell.
Like minstrel harp it rises in its spell :
Like angel's voice its charming accents flow ;
In harmonizing notes they sweetly tell

There dwelt an angel on that fairy shore,
Whose strains of sweetness spake of joy nor woe.
And Barton near now greets the beauteous dame :
 She was a sprite of Scotia's blue-eyed race ;
Her name renowned for rank and lady's fame ;
 A generous mind and heart on beauty's face !
And soft her musical touch, so full of grace,
 "Her warbling voice a lyre of widest range !"
Touched by all charms in varying shades, we trace,
 In liveliest beauty flowed through every change.
What more to fill the heart with gladness strange !
 She played a well-remembered, stirring song,
Whose soft and lovely spell thou canst not spy.
 She sang of one far, far away, and long
Unseen, with mingled voice. Sweet notes on high
Were rung, that stole unconsciously the sigh.
And when she played "Farewell, bewitching maid !"
Words, sounds delicious ! (why should e'er they die !)
He felt there's no adieu in mem'ry's shade
To the isle, the music, or the chanting maid.
These were the words with matchless grace she played :—

X I V.

"Farewell ! farewell ! sweet Scotia's land !
 Thy charms I love to sing.
But thy vales may smile, thy mountains stand,
 Unfelt to sweet Mary Byng !

Yes, Nature's charms but mock the name
 Of her whose melodies ring
Still on my ears,—that beauteous dame !
 Oh ! where is sweet Mary Byng ?

"T was here her laddie's faithful heart
 Oft loved, in word and sigh ;
But the hour draws near when loved ones part :
 They sigh the sad word, Good-by !

Now o'er the ocean's mountain wave
His vessel rides from view ;
While his Mary looked with eyes that lave
Her cheeks of rosy hue.

Now far he turns his eyes to land:
The hills and rocks and sky
All seemed to blend on Scotia's strand ;
And his heart sighed, lo! Good-by!"

X V.

The piano ceased, much on the *qui vive*;
It was her favorite tune e'en while she lived
In Scotia's lovely vales. The Queen of Scots
Was not so fair, though seated on a throne,
So chaste, as she this belle: ay, much unlike their lots,
Save in their equal charms. As a rose full-blown,
With earth's attractions did this fair one seem ;
And he that sees, of course of all must dream.

Thus smoothly Lawrence Barton spent his time,
Smoother than while 'gainst Britons stained with crime.
And while he trod this thinly-peopled isle,
Next to the maid, he prized Tom Pleasants' smile :
His noble-souled philanthropy he heard,
And on philosophy they oft conferred.

When Lawrence to his friend had said o'er all
His war-adventures, and dear country's call,
Tom Pleasants, seated 'neath a lofty tree,
Gave thanks and vows and toasts for liberty.

X V I.

Tom Pleasants then thus spoke, "On yonder Lake
Our annals well record, for truth not glory's sake,
How great Ralph Abercrombie's rich array
Did glide o'er in a summer's beauteous day.

A thousand boats were filled, and banners glittered
And waved in air. Nought around, above, embittered:
The scenery bright: anticipated joy
And victory all eyes would tell. A toy
Appeared their foe. It was a lovely scene!
But mortified how soon their gorgeous sheen
Withal—ah! sad defeat! For lo! their loss,
Two thousand weltering in blood! The cross
Of Ticonderoga glittering unsubdued,
While ensigns wave where strife no more renewed.
Repelled, driven, daunted, full many Brits
Wept, bled, with Gauls, or eagerly played quits.
Thus Britons proud, for glory's wreath inflamed,
This once by Gallia's gallant sons were tamed.
Yet many valorous deeds were there performed
'Gainst the proud fort, when Anglo-Saxons stormed;
Deeds scarcely known, save to a few that sigh.
High, low, rich, poor, both braves and cowards die!

XVII.

"'Tis so. John Bull oft foams and thirsts for blood.
His glory and renown o'er field and flood
Full oft extends. Beneath his civil deeds
Hibernia, most of all his foes, still bleeds.
And yet John's fierce ambition's oft confined:
By fate or glory's strokes, full just and kind.
Nor o'er the cloud-capt Alps his power rides
Supremely as o'er ocean's billowy tides.
Nor o'er thy proud exulting river Rhine,
Nor Rhone, nor Volga, Danube,—streams not thine,
But Europe's fair estate. The Pyrenees,
Too, proud defies the monarch of the seas.
E'en o'er thy channel, strait, none can deny
That Briton's glory gain with many a sigh.
And many conflicts, with ensanguined reigns,

Have sullied old Europe's fair domains.
And Britain's blood most plenteously spilt,
Where War war waged to the knife's very hilt.
Not Britain only, but Europe seems unjust
And sanguinary in her worldly lust.
For who can look back to the Feudal Age,
The holy Crusades; the Palestine rage,
The folly of Europe the Catholic's Creed,
And not think that vain man is the weakest proud reed?

Alas! though Christ, whose name we yet adore,
Was Jew; yet Jewish blood with Saracen's must flow.
What superstition all! what glory vain!
How Antichristian and unjust their claim!
How wild its move! what ignorance its root!
Monks, bishops, priests, pope, devil! how confute!

XVIII.

"From God the Son how different is their cast!
And Europe's emptied treasures tell how vast
Their cost of butchery, and sacred crime,
That stain the annals of immortal time!
Though thousands fell to grace the bloody cause,
All chaste it grew by nature's sacred laws.

And now the Crescent gains (the Moslem's god),
And now the Cross: Jehovah's chastening rod
Pursues each Infidel to shades of hell;
While blood and carnage reddens all the scene,
Cover the wide plains, and darken every green;
All chiefs, according to their zeal, may spy
Their weal or woe stamped in the 'purpling sky;
While gods, in clouds of majesty serene,
Behold from high, Jew, Christian, Moslem's blood,
All mingled, flowing in their eddying flood.
Mohammed, Christ, and Israel's God is sighed
By myriads of souls that fought and died;

That flooded the Holy City's high-famed streets,
Where David sung, and built the Muses seats :
The far-famed land of Canaan, where Isaiah's voice
Sweet inspiration sung, that bid rejoice
The favored Jews, or else to wail and weep
O'er woes unearthly in their hideous heap.

X I X .

"So sung the bard in name of Israel's God,
Where reigned great Solomon, whose gentle rod
Was wisdom's rule : but times are changed as news ;
And guilty Christians punish wicked Jews.
Such Philip, Henry, Richard Cœur de Lion,
And Godfrey,—modern hecatombs of Zion.
But hate like theirs to Jew and Moslem strange
Excite our thoughts of wonder in their range ;
And leads the mind in truth and weight to say,
While prophecy fulfills, in vain we look
For Christian graces pictured in Christ's Book."

There paused old Tom awhile, but soon begun :—
"But to the land of Jews my thoughts still run ;
To scan thy many worships, one by one ;
To say, Thy mercy, God ! Thy will be done !
Oh, flesh ! oh, blood ! of Jews that God preferred !
Why not from lies, impostures be deterred ?

Jerusalem ! Jerusalem ! before
Thy ruin was, thy prophets sang thy woe ;
How thy bright prowess, glory, fame, should fade.
Before imperial Titus siege had laid
To thy long-standing walls, they sang ; and there
Shock after shock repeated thou didst bear.
Till last, what strange, revolting scenes were thine !
What sad barbarities are told, in fine,
By the renowned Josephus ! Lo ! thy fall
Was mighty : ruined were thy temples all !

X X.

“Thy walls thrown down, of blood red rivers rose,
From sons of Abraham, whose sires the Almighty chose.
In blood the ruined city falls, and wide
Destruction howls around: all hope denied.
Two millions perished thus; and prophecy
Was thus fulfilled. The innocent’s sigh,
Babes, women, like the guilty, die.
Strange, strange that lone to Judea’s sons the light
And knowledge deep of miracles,—the light
And conversation of the Lord,—were given;
Yet strange by sin they forfeit promised heaven.
In all sincerity, I do despise
Hypocrisies, while Candor’s lips I prize.
Then let me say, No joyous impulse rise
My soul, reflecting on the Jews, their cries
And woes, on whom Almighty God in wrath,
’Tis said, had poured revenge in ruin’s path.
With far more joy I ponder o’er, than this,
The fields of Marathon, or Salamis;
The Spartan grave, Thermopylæ, or where
Bright Platea of glory had its share.
Yes, fields like these are monuments so bright,
They glow in beauty, mantled though in night.

X X I.

“Not thus the fields of modern Europe sound,
Where evangelic faith is dealt around
With red proscriptions; prodigal of life
As Marius or Sylla were, when strife
And civil ruin met. Each sect, when weak,
Seems more sincere, devout, religious, meek,
Than when great power’s wealth, or honor’s tracks
Intoxicate the soul: then Inquisitions’ racks,

Hot spindles, tortures, wicked hearts invent,
Through superstitions vile, or sin's intent.
The bidding of God's Book we ill obey,
Though faith be strong, though sanguinely we pray.
Immedicably ill our souls appear
To worldly evil. Little need we fear
The fathoms of damnation, faith or not
In Christ's redemption-blood for man's lost lot,
If such fair virtues shine upon the heart,
As bid barbaric vices to depart.
Such shone on Socrates' and Plato's acts,
Ere crosses were, or martyrs lived for racks.
Yet sad, sad hours encount we human creatures ;
The soul then turns to heaven, and this must teach us
Some system of religion should be had
For the mind's malady ; and, good or bad,
For happiness on earth and true salvation,
The Bible holds forth for man in every station,
If to Christ's holy morals he submit.

X X I I .

“ And venerable and beautiful the Holy Writ,
In style ; both history and poesy
Are interwoven with divinity.
This makes it much more rationally look
Than all we know in any other book.
Mohammed's Koran, Jupiter's, in vain
We seek collateral harmony to reign.
Yet I acknowledge this my mortal view ;
Let argument attest if false or true.
Now if doubts exist in reference to God's Son,
The Holy Ghost, and Father being one,
The Son's Messiahship, such scruples more
With mysteries augment, when we reflect
That Jews, of whom he was, his name reject,

And cast him out, denounced as wholly evil,
A soul blasphemous, fitted to the devil.
He rose among the Jews; and, wrong or right,
They thus pronounce him false, that nations might
No more adore. But let us imitate
Christ's virtues calm,—imbibe them deep,—and hate
And malice, scorn, reproach, pride, cruelty,
Will flee for mercy, love, humility.

X X I I I.

“The Holy Writ, if false (through every age
Since Christ was crucified, by sage,
By saint, admired), have been productions strange,
Majestically wonderful in their range
Of beauty; and in their bestowal fit
For consolation to the Christian man,
Though mystically marvelous their plan.
Yet, like all earthly works, whole, or in part,
Sad contradictions and absurdities upstart
Anon; or mysteries, too deep for mortal mind,
Amid the majesty of words we find.
For true, in dignity deficient seem
Some parts of Holy Writ, nor gladsome beam
Of elegance, sublimity, or aught
Of beauty, but a strain of vulgar nought,
Shades o'er the page, as if not sacred meant,
But contact vile, or custom unrefined, thus blent.
In style and beauty, dignity and weight,
Like Holy Writ, blind Ossian's works we rate;
While in antiquity and perfections stand
Unrival'd Homer, save in Canaan's land.

X X I V.

“I firmly believe such authors drew breath,
Wrote poems, and passed over the Jordan of death.
And all that is earthly and sweet to rehearse.

I joy in giving credit, though garnished in verse:
Yet human records prove not to mine eye,
That God e'er descended to earth from the sky,
And, in the frail garb of humanity's form,
A victim for sin, through sin's deadly storm.

I love their bright morals and beauty of speech;
But my good faith extends where my knowledge may reach.
And first, amid the majesty of Jove,
I think impartial justice reigns with love.
On virtue, rather than on faith, I'll stand,
And hear the summons of God's high command.
Yes, Nature's works of harmony proclaim
God reigns in heaven, in everlasting reign;
While in his bounteous justice, mercy, grace,
His vast infinitude of power rely.
True virtues (virtue ever from on high)
Will meet reward,—thoughts gladly I embrace,
And hope in future joys a happy place
In some bright heaven. Oh! be this ours to gain!
Where sweet felicity can meet no pain!

X X V.

“And many grades of heaven and hell are made,
No doubt, according to the virtue's grade,
To suit not studied intellectual faith,
Or body's grace, which like a flower decayeth.
E'en by the scale of justice, virtue's weight
O'er vice and malice must preponderate
In that vast world where unknown spirits dwell;
Yes, by their influence they baffle hell.”

“Speak not of moral virtue,” Lawrence said.

“'Tis not enough; but where the Gospel's light
Has beamed, there savage deeds and manners fade.

'Tis like the orb of day to that of night,
(If I should draw comparison, say this,)

For the enlight'ning man, with hope and bliss.
What have philosophies of Rome or Greece
To equal Judea's slaughtered Lamb of Peace."
'Twas Lawrence thus, when Pleasants thus replied :—
" 'Tis true in part : that truth I ne'er denied.
Though Greece and Rome excelled the world beside
In arts and sciences and in deeds of pride ;
Yet mighty Rome, and beauteous ancient Greece,
Knew not your Christ, the slaughtered Lamb of Peace.
Their citizens *en masse* were far below
These fair American Colonies, you know.

X X V I.

" Unhappy for mankind, Rome fell too soon.
Why should Sol's beauteous rays recede at noon ?
But had a thousand years more been Rome's lot,
Her happy lot for our poor age to live,
To grow in fame enlightened, not to rot,
How great, how amiable, divine,
Had been the offspring of that ancient vine !
Though devious were her gods, with devious shrines,
By virtue fairest, which enlightened shines,
She had improved ; and there were men of Greece
Who Christian virtues had, in war or peace.
And Rome, with morals cultivated, too,
Began to war with vice, as Scriptures do.
Good deeds, not faith, should make the better man :
Acts built on conscience is the nobler plan.
To be good, is human or divine, and wise :
Fair moderation's sacred chains to prize,
Though oft bold figures o'er the Scriptures rise.
'Tis not by the soul's devotion can we tell
The truth from error, else the pagan well
Devotes himself to Juggernaut ; and while
That monster of the deep, the crocodile,
Devours the pagan woman's dearest pledge,

Her tender babe, e'en smiling on the edge
Of hell's destructive jaws, she proves
The truth's devotedness of heaven she loves.
By sacred penances she proves ; and while
She calmly sits upon the funeral pile,
And thus heroically meets her doom,
What truth celestial brightens o'er her tomb ! ”

X X V I I .

Now Lawrence answers thus,—“ Your morals wake
Some vague remembrance, and these take
My soul with pleasantry ; for true
I love to ponder with an antique view :
And love to hear thy voice again recount
These sparkling drops from heaven's high crystal fount.

I know but little of theology,
Or what attend us when our bodies die ;
Yet many bright spots brighten even earth,
And forms of beauty and sweet souls of worth,
With their grace our rougher sex control.
Happy, happy, happy could high heaven ordain
Our souls in youth, in love, in grief, in pain,
Eternally here on earth to stay !
But oh ! to sink into the cold, damp clay !
And from fair sweethearts to be drawn away,
We know not where, in cold oblivion !
To know the yet unknown hereafter
Fills us with grief, or solemn laughter.
But grief or joy at heart, we still die on ;
Yet life's a trifle, when all joys are gone :
For shut the loveliest damsel from my eye,
The next great glory is, in strife to die.
To think and dream of fair Larissa !
That Blue-Ridge sweetheart, fair Larissa !
’T is a little heaven to kiss her.”
Now smiled our sage, and, in his wonted ease,
Puffed off the smoke, and tuned his tongue to please.

X X V I I I.

“Ah, more enlightened far our faith appear,
More rationally pure, more Godlike, dear,
To Him, supreme in might as well as grace,
Than aught of theirs that fancy’s wiles can trace.
Oh! might bright science through the earth prevail,
And knowledge lift from ignorance her veil!
Then might their majesty’s imperial spleen
Fall. Then from crimes religious might they wean.
Then virtue, liberty, intelligence,
Would be alive, and rule the world with sense.
Religion, (truth I speak, as man must die,)
If built on Nature’s pure philosophy,
May grace the soul, expand the intellect
With strength and enterprise, which much defy
Base ignorance, or superstitions check.
But if on superstition edified,
It checks the growth of intellect, not pride,
And vilest fruit and weeds on vile arise;
And vice triumphant stalks, while virtue dies.”

X X I X.

“A step in darkness, death is viewed by all.
As bold as Christians, at his awful call
The sons of Jupiter have been: then sure in grief
To Ammon, Allah, or to God, relief
By ardent prayers may come: all right,
All wrong, perchance, according to their light
And actions of the inner man,—the heart.
But to fulfill what sacred words impart
Do this: To others do that gracious part,
The same that you would have men do to you:
Thy neighbor love as self; such deeds pursue
As essences divine and never new,
And never old, save out of fashion’s view.”

Here Pleasants paused, while from his pocket's nook
The old Virginia-weed and pipe he took.

"I thought you acolyte or monk, not sage,"
Said Lawrence, "so recluse your hermitage.
But lo! against all Christendom your voice
I hear. Can this be envied wisdom's choice?"
When Pleasants thus replied: "Not so. Indeed
With pleasure's gust, the Holy Writ I read;
But for a mere apology I speak
To say no monk I am, or friar meek.

X X X.

But hark! hear not the organ's full-toned swell?
'Tis the music's call, as the dinner-bell!
Repair we hence, for honey and peach, to dine."
"We'll list," says Lawrence, "first to sounds divine;
'To raptures of the lady of your isle:
'Tis that which makes these rocks and waters smile."

Spell-bound they list, and many a charm is rung
By the light, white hands and melting tongue.
And now 'tis ceased: their spicy fare is o'er.
And Lawrence writes to one he loved of yore;
One that he loves in fervor deep and pure.

DEAR LARISSA, Have in vain

Been all the spells that thou hast wrought!

Be they never spells again,

Save in vague remembering thought!

Yes, I adored thee,—love thee now!

The beautiful I see or hear,

In air, or earth, or incense, how

It speaks to me of thee, my dear!

I've brooded o'er thy charms, until

A household angel seemest thou,

Never to leave thy domicil.

Yes, there thy voice seems ringing now,
May e'er I greet thee there as mine!
Thou, or time, or fate must say.
Remembrance tells my heart is thine,
And sweetest music wakes thy sway.
Farewell, Larissa! As a star
Of hope thou art to me, my dear.
Though wandering lonely from thee far,
Thy presence 's like an angel's near.

X X X I.

These words are penned, and now the eve is nigh;
And twofold beauty decks the sunny sky.
'The sweet, fair grove, a bounteous shade now brings;
And, list! in melody the mocking-bird sings!
Her warbling notes refined; and lo! the trout,
The salmon, and the perch, our friend has out
'The silvery waters brought. Oh! happy reign
Is thine, 'mid groves along this Eden strand,
Divinely free from care. "I'll list again,
O hermit Pleasants! to thy words most bland.
O strike, dear sage, again that minstrel strain!"
"Deck not," says Pleasants; "let my brow be plain.
I'll speak, but not as one divinely free.
I own my share of sins; but would not be
A soul belched from the depths of hell, to scourge
'The Lord's once holy land. I would not thus emerge
From sin's contagion by this redder sin;
No, no, though heaven's gate should let me in.
All earth is sin; and, in Christ's spirit's tone,
Sins unrepented ne'er by heaven are borne.

X X X I I.

"It boots not to repent, and oft repeat
Our sins, as Christian virtues thus retreat.
But even Soloman, they say, was wise,

And good most sure in fifty Mormon eyes;
Though virtues then, to sins such joys now rise.
Thus wrongs and sins too sadly grow;
As flowers may wither, but flowers succeeding blow.
Nought saves our race, when Holy Writ we trace,
Nought but high figures (pardon thou this hit:
'Tis figures beautify the Holy Writ).
If words Divine be literal, just, and true,
Dark be the gloom where crowd our good and blue!
What ornaments they shine, where crackling fires
Consume all sins and hypocrites and liars!
I am a man of peace, save in defense;

And I'll joy to see the world arrayed in smiles
And beauty all with charms, and wit, and sense.

I would that wars did cease with all their wiles,
Though there we read a history of mankind,
'Tis true, and much to be revered we find.
And true, sad things occur as we rehearse
The pages of the past, in prose or verse.

XXXIII.

"And yet, what mind loves not to linger where
Old Time still rears his decorations fair;
Where, 'mid the rubbish of four thousand years,
His classic beauty more than all appears.
We ponder o'er that land, though not the same
As freedom's once; while 'Greece!' we oft exclaim,
'Thou wert in name a watchword's magic flame!'
Among the great of Greece, O Homer! thou
Didst flourish with Demosthenes; and how
O'er Greece and Archipelago, e'en now,
Still fondly plays the soul.—And Rome! great Rome!
Thou seemest, too, the heart's sad dreary home,
As oft we call to mind some hero, bard,
Or orator, or sage, that prove too hard

For Time's enormous scythe.—Virgil's lay
Was sweet, was grand, but all in vain: decay
And death have spread their dark and shadowy wings:
In vain thy Cæsars' sway, in vain thy kings!

X X X I V.

"Thy Cicero, in vain whose eloquence
United the philosopher with common sense;
In vain for Tacitus' and Livy's page,
Pictured so brightly in the Augustan age:
Yet these beam forth true luster on that land,
Though ruined classic by Time's hallowed hand.

But, Italy, still more benighted now
Thou art. Angelo, Raphael, thy brow
Afresh had painted; and Dantè, Ariosto,
Had sung; and Petrarch fair, with Tasso's woe,
Had brightened more thy fame in modern days.

While Venice shed her glory, fairest rays
Of ancient fame were hers. Genoa, too,
And Florence, well may claim Time's distant eye;
For Columbus and Vespuccius brightly grew
In glory then; whose fame shall never die.
Yes, true, in wandering o'er this land, a glance
Such heaps of ruined splendor much enhance!
O'er Holland, Germany, and Spain and France,
For beauty, wealth magnificence, romance,
Not all in vain the pilgrim steps pursue;
The grand in vast variety is new.
There are bright names that lend a luster true
To ruins rising ever and anon to view."

X X X V.

"True, true, friend Pleasants" (Lawrence now). "For lo!
The name of bright Larissa, well I know,
Lives in this heart, and comes to fancy's view!"

She resurrects this broken temple through
Ruins: no more are ruins, Larissa near;
Deserts and wilds then smile with dainties dear."

In pleasant smile, replying, Pleasants said,
"Oh! dead in love! dead in your bright Larissa!
Then let, oh! let, these northern winds go kiss her!
If that bright eloquence I wake of feeling,
That love that lists not at thy heart's concealing,
Let me go on my histrionic song;
But Lawrence do her ladyship no wrong."
" 'T would wrong this Lawrence, wronging a single hair
Of her most glorious head: but, friend, 't is fair
That fancy should not mar your song with flaw
In converse sweet with angels that she saw."

"Then, then, my Lawrence, let my Muse still sing
The names of ruins that such luster bring.
Are not your sweethearts 'live, or fair ones dead,
But mental grandeur from great spirits fled?"

XXXVI.

"Such names as Sully, Chateaubriand, Rousseau,
Voltaire, Erasmus, famed Vattel in law,
And those alike renowned.—And Britain, too,
Has charms as sweet, and names as bright to view.
Such Newton, Bacon, Gibbon, Hume, and Locke,
Pope, Milton, Shakspeare, Young, who, like Spain's Rock,
Endure with time. And Dryden, Johnson, Pitt,
With Sheridan, Fox, Blair, and Addison, 't is fit
To say, must live in fame; while Drake and Burke,
Like these, are emblems of immortal work.

By arts and nature's aids, Great Britain's isles
Are made through time to lavish softer smiles:
These chain our souls, as if by sacred ties,
Where sleep our ancestors, far-famed and wise."

Such were our hero's views; which views agree

In part with ours : if genuine let us see ;
For this I speak, while threescore years and ten
Have proved our Union's wise for freedom's men.

Boast, England ! boast of many a noble son !
Thou hast not lost all glory, nor all won.
We have reproached thee as a land of knaves :
Your lords rebuke us for our ebon slaves.
Thy poets, too, have sung in verses fine,
In morals charming, yet not all divine,
"Of whips and charters, manacles and rights ;
Of slaving blacks, and democratic whites."

X X X V I I.

Give freedom, yes, to Europe's fairer sons ;
With slaves we act no part of Goths or Huns.
The language of their poets has been such ;
While true, our slavery, I own full much,
Owes thee its origin, and owes the Dutch.
To us, ye Brits and Dutch both acted rash ;
Yes, to our Colonies ye acted rash.
With cash your sires' pure scruples did not clash :
They sold us slaves, while slaves would bring the cash.
The tribes of Afric oft to wars they stirred,
And brought their captives hence in many a herd.
Sad that ye did infest our happy strand !

Sad that our fathers trafficed in such trash !
Yet Dutch and Britons and the fates all planned.

Ye stained your swords with sin : we feel the lash
As much as savage dames in Afric's land.

Yet, if we draw resemblance of our slaves
To Afric's hordes, where superstition raves,
Than barbaric tribes in that benighted land,
Degraded less are slaves by Heaven's high hand.
Yes, not the weak, but men enlightened, wise,
Learn how dark slaves to elevation rise.

XXXVIII.

If sinful be the charge of master-serving,
Hereditary is that sin, and more deserving
Than Irish chains. The slight observers find
Not all the knots that bid our shackles bind.
But look the British isles what cause of grief
In many a form exist, and no relief!
Look to Hibernian land; the Helot's cause!
What base-grown slaves to England's iron laws!
For though of Europe's brightest race they pass,
Acute by nature, yet the Irish mass,
E'en in condition and society, now
Are meaner than our slaves of ebony brow.
The Irish groans, by tyrant hands though wrung,
The lords of England hear no Irish tongue.
True, some sad lords, who know their kindred blood,
Care not for ought borne on the tyrant's flood,
Self-love is all their souls. These Irish lords
In regal splendor roll,—care not for odds.
In wealth and wanton luxury they pace;
And always swear their serfs of meaner race.
The British civil lords of wealth and ease
Extort from scanty tithers fattest fees;
Five times the sum for every civil place,
Than our wise Constitution bears on face.

XXXIX.

May this not much augment old England's grief,
While to her Irish sighs your lords are deaf;
But to your code you add religious wrath,
To form in full the Irish thorny path:
Yes, in the English civil law we find
Engraft ecclesiastic stings refined.
And this, like Ossa on Olympus piled,
Is burning embers o'er Hibernian fate,

And sad nightmares of truth, a heavy weight.

But well to earliest saints they cling, beguiled :
Some few, enlightened, battling to the death
Against that weight, oppression's mildew breath.

But Irish serfs yet love their Erin Isle ;
Pay tithes to England's Church, tithes to the pope,
Ridden with spurs, and guided by the rope.
Why lordlings court even Englishmen's applause ?
From Brits, king Britain blood and substance draws,
And, like the vampire, surfeits in his maw,
For homely splendor or for distant war.

Why to the rights of titled lords of lucre
Do forms of kingly governments depend ?
Will the remains of feudalage ne'er spend ?
Sure all mankind have rights : lords are rebukers
Of Britain's wished reform : reform the masses, friend.
It is an error to establish faith ; and all

The nations of the earth have erred in this
For eighteen centuries, which much enthrall

Mankind to fooldom's sway, or shame's abyss.
'T is as to make a theater of earth,
And give each sect its day's dramatic birth.

X L.

Why should men, more like stupid asses, bray,
Stung by the whips of kings, or priestcraft's sway ?
Your reign of terror is no reign that's fine !
Mock-christian deeds, we know, no powers combine
Could darken more in sad, unhallowed crime.
What though replete with essence for our race,
Sad morals oft in that fair name we trace !
But all the past, we trust, may beautify
And better future Christians' hopes on high !
Calm be their fires, and their pretensions meek !
So far are deeds above the words we speak.

Well, I lament (by Heaven I'm not forbidden
 To sigh), lament and grieve for wrongs, and sigh
 That England, though enlightened, is priest-ridden!
 That priestcraft polished rides that nation high!
 To show how Britain's ecclesiastic creed
 Is paid by civil lords and law, we need
 But one Archbishop's bill to prove how well
 (Yet all dissenters pay their tithes, and dwell
 With the named right of conscience): let me sing
 His Archbishop's sum pays thrice Potomoc's king!
 This seems a princely sum for one poor saint!
 Their saintly lords' estates shine as God's lights;
 But 'tis no source for civil lord's complaint:
 They, too are wolves, and worry with delight.

X L I.

In this enlightened age such sums must paint
 The souls of men who know the people's rights:
 For can such splendor semblance bear of love
 To Christ, the humble God who reigns above?
 An honest man should foil hypocrisy,
 Should baffle pride, both genii of the lie,
 And parents of all vices that should die.
 Sad works they teach! sad lessons never good!
 A pity, then, if man should prize that high
 Which have at periods filled the world with grief,
 And stained that brightest name in kindred blood.
 But understand my words, if not belief:
 There's nought in Christendom more fit to share
 Than Christian morals,—deeds to follow prayer.
 The moral structure wise men prize the most;
 But devotees best sing the Holy Ghost.
 While foes to man, we know by history's glance,
 Are many vices which may oft enhance
 Man's earth. Fanaticism and ignorance

Are black as aught we scan in vice's scale.

In man these feign God-service, while, in fact,
In moral-essence culture much they fail:

Their words are oil; their works what fiends transact.
Yet of this theme divine 't is right to say

It is a cause which may with glory glow,
If pious acts, as words, we rightly pay.

X L I I .

And thy good books, great God, I would not burn,
Nor e'er destroy, if I had power to turn
The faith of men.—What morals would abound

O'er Christendom at such an unwise change!
And can a new divinity be found

So good to fill bright ages as they range?
And souls of men with faith and reverence?
With heaven and hell our guardians passing hence?
"No new divinity!" responds all sober sense.

But there's no country like Columbia's land,
Where man is free to conscience' dear command,
Where many sects should all vain sophists spare,
And all do good by their good acts and prayer.
And love e'en deists who have morals fair.
Philosophers for mankind here rejoice
To see fair virtues form the nation's choice.

X L I I I .

But farewell this theme: I now with Barton go,
Where freedom shines through martyrdom and woe.
Now Barton strolled, 'mid lakes and isles and caves,
O'er rugged cliffs and gently rolling waves.
And oft in fancy's lone domain he dwelt;
O'er scenes in fact, and scenes ideal, melt.
He stood upon the mountain's rugged side,
A mind of sadness, yet of noble pride,
And eyed in grandeur waters rolling wide.

Lake George, transparent mass as crystal bright,
Expansive spreads, and charms the glad'ning sight,
Environed high with mountains: islets green
Bespeck his bosom: lovely thus 't is seen.

Such were the tracts that Barton traveled o'er,
And much sensation felt of joy or woe;
But now sweet solitude he bids adieu,
And to his State's inviting arms he drew.

Lo! Bennington, behold the plunderer Baum,
That leads, like a wild, elementary storm,
Legions of Indians, with brows deadly dark.
Lo, lo, they come! and yells and wailings. Hark!
Who shall curb their fiery wrath? Hail, stately Stark!
Here did he fight; as bold as Hector stood;
Repelled the plunderer in a style as good;
And for his country bathed himself in blood.
His men unskilled in art, in war untried,
Made Britons quail: they loudly quarters cried.
Indians and Hessians, in their silly pride,
Fought for their masters, and with war-whoops died.

X L I V.

They yield; but Bayman comes with British troops,
Just as had died on air the Indians' whoops.

He presses on; but soon brave Warner's voice
Is heard,—“Charge! charge! my noble bands, and choiced!”
At this Americans once more rejoiced.

He, helped by Stark's victorious men of worth,
Whose acts this day have given to fame their birth,
Soon overruns this armament of Brits,
Who lie in heaps in death, and in death's fits.

Once more their foe Americans in ire
Would meet, with all that wrongs and rage inspire.
Beneath proud Gates, on Saratoga's plain,
We meet their Burgoyne's dark-browed, vaunting train.
We meet! The towering heroes move like clouds;

Who soon, perchance, shall rest in earthly shrouds.
Our Morgan brings the action on; whose fire
Strews o'er the field the foe, and ranks expire.
In reddening heaps they hear the bullets sing.
Hark! Britons fly! on earth their arms they fling.
And Morgan fellows (dark the clang and thunder)
Still on: the foe in terror breaks asunder.

X L V.

But bolder Britons hail in mad'ning ire;
And lo! our men draw back in haste,—retire.
Impetuous Arnold swiftly flies to aid;
Not by the deadly conflict e'er dismayed.
While clouds spread far and wide,—resounds the clash
Of swords, and air and earth shake with the crash
Of cannons' roar,—sounds like the peals of hell,
With blow and blow, through air resounding swell.
The smokes arise to heaven, and doubly dint,
As if below the slaughter had no stint.

The din that day awoke wild beasts to stare:
The haggard wolf went howling from his lair;
And fowls in wildness rustled through the air.
All earthly reptiles seemed alive to quake;
And air-winged monsters quivered in the brake;
While hissed more deadly the envenomed snake.
Like wrathful clouds, that, in dark whirlwinds caught,
Their thunder-peals and flashing lightnings fought,
Together rushing in their hideous sheen:
Red flows the blood, and sadder grows the scene.
Dead and mere deadly grows the strife: recoil
The Brits, who still with hell's dark malice boil:
Glad now they be to leave the battle's broil.
But time and blood roll on. They need must toil,
Or lose their all,—the hopes of promised spoil.

X L V I.

Against their legions, right and left there flew
The missiled balls, swift as revenge can do;
And now the foe in wild confusion flew,
Whose flight triumphant yells, like bloodhounds drew.
Now gallant Frazer like a meteor flew,
Restored their order. Waxing strong, they grew
Like mad'ning waves: they all the fight renew.

Lo! now by Morgan galled in rear,—in flank,
In front, by Arnold pressed,—they broke; they sank.
But gallant Frazer, flying to their view,
Revived their valor and the fight anew.
On raged the conflict like the samiel blast;
Infectious air like baneful hell o'ercast;
While drooping in blood, and dying in rage,
Both beast and man are hurled from life's fierce stage.
But Arnold, struck by Frazer's brighter blaze,
Undaunted as he was, in wild amaze
And wrath, could bear on him no more to gaze.
Too much, perhaps, like his impetuous fire;
The world would gaze upon him and admire.
He calls twelve chosen riflemen aside,
And said, "Mark yonder man,—Great Britain's pride!
Himself's a host: not long let such have life.
Use well your guns: no need of bickering knife."

X L V I I.

The fire still burns alive; dark is that strife;
The sanguine streams of woe grow wide and rife;
And Frazer's sword, still waving, glitters bright:
On whitest steed he thunders in the fight.
Few moments his! Lo! now his piercing eyes
Shut drooping! Lo! the hero falls! he dies!
His brain is crushed forever: his limbs cold, quivering;
But for an instant now has ceased all shivering.

As died that fiery leader, so like a star
That breaks along the firmament afar,
Their dying spirits fell, chilled by despair.
Dismayed, assailed by deadly arms, they fly
Away the field of Mars, while many die.
To their camps hard by they then in flight betook ;
With frantic din that field and forest shook.
Scarce gained their camps, and now, with trampling feet,
Their foe in wrath their flying footsteps beat.
Impetuous Arnold, with unequaled rage,
Led on his fiery men, who now engage
With furious steel. In madly clang they went,
Through dead'ning flames against their battlement.
Scarce less that wrath, true Briton's fought 'mid blood,
Besmeared with gore, bespattered o'er with mud ;
Their all at stake. Their foe, like whelming flood,
O'er their intrenchments leaps. Swift, hand to hand,
With crimson steel, they plead their cause, their land :
Each man seems life,—a flame-touched fiery brand.
For ages yet unborn they freedom plead,
While sinking in death, and dying they bleed.

XLVIII.

Hoarse as a mastiff of true British breed,
Balcarras's voice, addressing loud his creed,
Resounds, which still inspires from rank to rank ;
But still beneath the deadly blows they sank.
Fierce as the hungry tiger of Bengal,
Undaunted by death in its most fiery call,
Impetuous Arnold burns ; and many fall ;
For now he charges on the stubborn foe,
While floating on the air their banners soar ;
Encountering high, they blaze : Britannia bold
There waves her painted beast, that flames with gold ;
And here Columbia, streaming in her pride,

Her eagle soars above with pinions wide.
Thick, thick, below ten thousand heroes close
The dark'ning ranks,—hearts pierced with startling throes.
Now hark! the shriek, the sob, the shout, the groan,
In discord mingling, in the tempest borne.
Headlong they rush, like frantic buffaloes.
Blood strews their steps, beneath their deadly blows.
We hear no firing now; but shrill the sounds
From rank to rank, with clash of swords, resounds.
And bayonets and cimeters are flying,
Which fills the air with groans of mortals dying.
Americans and Brits in files on files are mixed:
Each brother seals, with bayonet transfixed,
His brother's doom. Thus mingle they in death:
Their blood, their spirits, flee from vital breath.

X L I X .

How many a widowed mother wept that day
O'er the sad relics of departed clay!
How many an orphan grieved the songs of fate!
Drooped in sad tears! in pensive sorrow sat!
Long, long, Columbia's daughters, sad and pale,
Wept o'er their fallen brothers, in pitying wail!
And oft, too, did fair Caledonian maids,
Sequestered weep beneath their mountain shades!
Their soft, blue eyes anon in tears they cast
Along the sky-bound sea:—their thoughts the past;
On lovers gone, and seen perchance their last!
Whither! O whither gone! they gaze; they see no mast.
“Sleep they in death?” In hope some watch the motion
For sails o'er dark-blue waves of rolling Ocean.
In vain they watch! vain stretch their tearful eyes
O'er the deep-blue of stormy sea and skies!
For, pale, their lovers shall return no more!
They lie far distant on a foreign shore!

High on the banks of Hudson's silvery stream
They sleep to wake no more at woe's sad dream!
Dim are those eyes that beamed so much of yore
In friendship-love, that flashed at sight of foe!
Their last thoughts glimmer on the girls they love!
Though some may scan celestial realms above!
The last sad tear now glistens in the eye!
A moment more they part! They heaved the sigh!
That sigh of death,—fates, furies 'round,—they die!

L.

Now, too, by fancy's peering eye is seen
The faded form of Ocean's Fairy Queen,
Far-famed Britannia: all alone she sat,
Vailed, on her western cliffs, in tears. Her fate
Was grievous. Sadly did she meditate!
Her looks downcast. Her lion, at her feet,
Roared loud, as damned by dire defeat;
While torn and scattered on the rocks, the dame
Beholds the trophies of her ancient fame.
The goddess thus in silence sat. Her hair,
In curls, disheveled hung, spoke sad despair,
Though beautiful her form, and visage fair.
In grief absorbed she sat. The western gale
Now on the wave wafts many a black'ning sail,
Laden in sanguinary strife and-wail.
At this she rose. A livid horror spread
Her cheeks. Her ruby lips forsook their red.
In wild distraction glared, with tears, her eyes;
And strained from whence had come her children's sighs;
The sighs of children in a foreign land,
Fast sinking on Atlantic's western strand.
She thrice essayed to curse her children's foes;
But thrice remembrance in her mind arose,
They were her children too; then rent the air,
Wide shrieking, with a mother's deep despair,

In piteous wailing o'er her children's graves.
The name of North resounds throughout her caves ;
That hateful name is echoed o'er her waves.

L I.

While still the battle flames, on his white steed
Our Barton rides, where danger, duty, calls:
From rank to rank, where welt'ring soldiers bleed,
Where foes and friends, anon some hero falls.
Pale-tinted Death, in streaming blood and sword,
Had fixed, wide-spread afar, his dark abode ;
And every blade- and carbine-crash would tell
No blissful spot is seen for man to dwell.
Crimsoned with wounds, he falls o'er heaps of dead :
Deep and ensanguined was the stream he bled !
His noble charger dies along his side :
A moment since he pranced how full of pride !
Impetuous Arnold, on his fiery horse,
Flies swiftly there where strewed was many a corse.
A flash of glory brightens now dark danger ;
While madly onward flies his full-blood ranger.
'Mid javelins, and swords, and deadly fires,
He feels a wound too deep : he turns, retires.
Our men fight boldly on ; but now their numbers,
Grown small by those who sleep in deadly slumbers,
Despite their valorous will, must sound retreat.
They leave the siege, nor bear in wrath defeat.
But on yonder hill now gleams what ray of light
That strike the optics with so fond delight ?
'Tis Morgan's voice : he shouts upon the hill ;
That shouting pierces like an electric thrill ;
And, like the moon, that, in a stormy night,
Casts down on billows raging silvery light.

L I I.

With sword in hand, his men press on in wrath,
And carnage deals along his bloody path.
From old Virginia hero's arms they fled :
Full many a wound he had ; his garb was red ;
But swift against his foe our men he led.
Hark ! Britons yield ! their arms ; their baggage. All
Lament their weakness, and confess their fall.
Thus Burgoyne fell on Saratoga's plain ;
And thus invincibly we glory gain.
But Barton from dark Lethe's sleep awoke ;
And, want of strength, his lips no silence broke.
Where had he been of late ? where could he be ?
In faintness glided o'er his memory.
Had death he met ? in glory had he risen ?
Or in Avernall regions were he driven ?
And shadows waned and flickered on the wall ;
Unknown the tapestry that adorns the hall.
This hung around in rich profusion high ;
And ever and anon he heard a sigh ;
And o'er him bent some sweet, familiar face.
Though now forgot, she seems of beauteous grace.
But, weak, his quivering senses die away :
Now come ; now go ; now far abstracted stray.
In hideous forms dark imps flashed o'er his brain ;
And deep and piercing they inflict their pain.
Lo ! now an angel watched his troubled eye :
He knows her not : why thus in pity sigh ?
'T was she,—Larissa,—oh ! the past ! A gleam
Of joy, of bliss, seems as a glimmering dream !
His frame was faint, and faint his spirits, too ;
But soft her orbs, with much their lovely blue ;
And beauty's face, in smiles of sweetest hue,
Beamed in delicious loveliness too true !

'T was all he wished. An angel-form she seems,
Whose lineaments of brightness calmed his dreams.
Unspeakable their joy, in fond delight!
'Tis she, the form of beauty, grace, and light!
She spake: her voice was musically sweet.
In smiles and tears, in hopes and fears, they greet.
A life seems centered in an hour like this,
So great their sorrow, yet so great their bliss.

LIII.

And now in slumbers soft he sinks to rest,
(Though restless sleep); all calm within his breast.
He slept indeed beneath that fair one's face,
Which like the skies above in heaven-born grace.
No myriad devils, in their curling fire,
Danced o'er his soul and brain in maddening ire;
Nor hell, in horror's wild and deepening wail,
Lay open its porte his sick'ning soul to hail.
If dream, his dream is of some lovely shade,
Of nymphs celestial, or his angel maid.
But he recovers. Saratoga's springs
He leaves; which are but one of petty things;
But there, the fairest of earth's lovely daughters,
Shall she remain, to drink those mineral waters!
But he revives; time wanes; and the hour
Of separation comes, with blighting power.
Alas! that lovers part, with sighs and tears,
Perchance forever, doomed to secret fears!
Yet he this blue-eyed maiden bade adieu!
Calm was the eve, whose cloudless canopy
High hung in majesty of azure hue!
But they must mar its brightness in the sigh;
For sad their hearts, with speechless prayers on high!
And with sad souls, and agonizing view,

They part; while tints have stamped the empurpling sky.

They part in tears of bitterness,— adieu!

Arms, love and, country, call him to the field:

These 'gainst his foe he never failed to wield.

LIV.

But My Lord Percy Mortimer here comes;

With an exchange of prisoners he comes.

LORD MORTIMER (*to General Gates*). Here is a jewel which, no doubt, your Honor prizes most highly. 'Tis your fat Captain, Sir John Falstaff by name; claiming for himself the honor of a noble and ancient pedigree; as the tenth descendant, in line direct, from the great Sir John Falstaff,—him, Sir, of whom Shakspeare tells so much,—the man so renowned for his many exploits, both in the blaze of war, and in the shades of peace (*aside*). Your fat Captain, too, Sir, like his great ancestor, counterfeited death, while he contended that death itself was the true counterfeit, and not himself a counterfeit in lying in the ditch of Bunker Hill. He, Sir, with his face and clothes imbrued in the blood of his slain comrades, arose as from the dead, when burial was about to be administered; all solitary and alone, Sir, he arose, and, looking upon the corpses of the distinguished dead, moralized in good set terms on fame and honor.—“There,” said he, pointing to the bloody corpse of Dr. Warren; “There lies a fool-victim of fame! And what is fame? Can I feel it? can I eat it, or drink it? Is it sensible to touch or enjoyment? Can that fool now cold in blood, can he understand and appreciate it? Can he enjoy fame and honor here? No! no! This might be the answer till doomsday. Alackaday! I want none of them, then! Away with fame and honor! A thousand times better is whisky-sack than either fame or honor, to Jack Falstaff!” — But see; Falstaff himself appears. Be quiet, and listen to his story.

GATES (*turning to Falstaff*). Hail, Sir John! — once more restored to Uncle Sam; once more to see the flag of Brother Jonathan; once more to hear the air of Yankee Doodle; once more arrested from the horns of John Bull; — what have you to say for yourself and of the war? But where are your raga muffins? I see them not.

FALSTAFF. All peppered out of existence, your Honor.

GATES. Well, come, come, Sir John; no time for sorrow. What agrees well with your constitution? Sack whisky have we here. Drink and be merry, old boy.

FALSTAFF. Most noble General, well does this sack indeed: well for yourself it sacks; well for myself it sacks: it sacks most nobly of itself. It almost heals my broken joints once more. And now, General, look on this my hackneyed sword; all battered from hilt to point. This did I on the infernal pates of Redcoats, on Bunker Hill; I did; upon my soul I did, Sir.

GATES. What work did you there, Falstaff? Hacked you the dead?

FALSTAFF. What work, indeed, Sir? The bloodiest of the bloody. Why, man, one colonel, one major, and three captains fell beneath my single sword. Besides, Sir, I know not how many privates, hacked into eternity, should deck the ensign armorial of Sir John Falstaff. But at last, Sir, cut off, I was hemmed in, surrounded, and exterminated, Sir, as you see.

GATES. Killed, Sir Falstaff, with lead in your guts? How is this?

FALSTAFF. I was taken from the field, Sir, dead; but accidentally recovered.

GATES. Enough, Falstaff. But how shall we ever requite you for your services? Can we do it by promotion, with a doubly-increased ratio of sack?

FALSTAFF. Most assuredly, Sir; and with epaulets of a brigadier. I expect, Sir, you may be sure on it, I expect, Sir, this.

GATES. Better things by-and-by, Falstaff. But for the present, look to the baggage. We must away.

L V.

Now near the town of "Brotherly Love," where flows
The silver Delaware, with camping goes
The godlike Washington. The isle of mud,
Encircled by the river's gentle flood,
Spreads her green, loamy face to human vision,
Destined full soon for strife and fierce collision.
And here, that Colonel Smith might aid the fight,
He builds a fort and gives him in his might.
Not distant far from Mifflin's muddy isle,
On Jersey's side, below the Red Banks' smile,
Another here he builds, which to brave Greene
He gives. Now nature robed; a lovely scene
Spreads o'er the firmament of celestial hue:
This strikes the eye, and charms the landscape's view!
'T was night; and drowsy god Morphineus spreads
His sable curtains o'er all mortals' heads,
Enshrouding wide the living with the dead.
Save, Spangle all in quiet sleep were chained:
But far he strolled unseen, with pangs unfeigned,
Beneath the clear, pale moon, that softly shone,
And filled his heart with reminiscence gone:
Days bright as joy's unsullied founts could be,
Borne on the stream of time eternally.
He, pondering, sighs, though sighs in vain. The mass
Of waters spread afar, and seem like glass.
'T was sweet, though sad, to mark the verdant grass;
Its verdure all forsaking as he passed;
While autumn sweeps aside in shrilling blast.
Thus thoughts of sadness o'er his soul ran fast.
Now moonlit shades like spirits seem to weep,
Or else in deadly shrouded whiteness sweep.
His heart is lonely; and this solemn hour
Brings on his soul the burthen of some power
Allied with love, and feelings undefined.

His heart was grieved; sad thoughts rolled o'er his mind,
And thus he strolled where his quiet comrades slumbered,
Whose hours, perchance, ere morrow's close are numbered.

LVI.

He views their thoughtlessness; and wished like they
From toil to rest his wearied frame of clay.
Why did he differ from the noiseless crowd?
Was Nature less unkind? his soul more proud?
Was it ambition, or loved country's call?
Or was it intellect, or love, or all
Combined to make him be alone? And why?
To stroll and ponder with so many a sigh?
'T was plain in strife he never feared to die;
Yet slept the brave in all that sweetest rest
Which balmy sleep may yield to mortals blest.
Why changes thus? and why these thoughts intense?
Of past and present,—gloomy thoughts,—ah! whence?
From starry eve to midnight lone his way;
From midnight thence to morn's bright orient day,
He wandered on; but felt at ease when saw
Hove in full sight the British ships-of-war.

Americans were dauntless, though they saw
All this. The canvas and the towering masts,
That seemed afar a gloominess to cast,
Nought chilled our men with sorrow's baneful blast.
The morn was calm; with clouds the heaven o'ercast,
As if in sympathizing grief to shed
Her tears celestial o'er the promised dead.
Up sailed the British fleet. The fort near by
Loud roars. Volcanic vapors mount on high.
Thick on the barricade the massy balls
In dreadful crashing fell. Tottering shake the walls;
While fire-tailed bombs, as thick and fast as hail,
Through the air fell; dazzling meteors they sail.

They hotly now on every side assail;
Enough to fill the stoutest heart with wail.
Amid the din of peals which made to shake
That little isle, its surf so roughly break
With sounds sonorous,—shrills that sadly wake
The soul to inward horror,—Hope e'en flies
From that fair, waving emblem of the skies.

LVII.

The eagle, soaring high, with pinions bold,
And glist'ning eyes, and plumes of gilded gold,
Seems now in with'ring gloom his wings to fold.
Ere yet he stoops, our fire rolls not in vain.
Lo! Brits in anguish fall; they writhe in pain.
Sharp shrieks, sad wailings rise, where lie their slain!
The *Blackbird* and *Augusta*, aids of deathless strife,
Invail in death fierce, vigorous forms of life;
While, with the fierce vigor of American skill,
Our guns loud roar with deeds as sad and shrill.
The *Augusta* takes fire, is blown on high,
With rolling vapors that bedim the sky.
Her light-wing crew, thrown high in air, there die,
Fall, scattered o'er the river, plain, and hills,
No more feel pangs in this last pang that kills.
And lo! the *Blackbird* wings on high her crew,
Who in that thunder bids the world adieu!
The fragments left were all they saw or knew
This ill-fated vessel, or her high-born crew.
Thus fame that day adorned that mud-built isle;
And Beauty's Liberty that Goddess smiled:
She smiled in gladness on the living brave,
On those who fought and met with honor's grave.
She glided smoothly, when the strife was o'er,
Around the isle, along the river's shore,
And smiled and wept alternate, as the shade

Of gloom or gladness o'er her heart pervade.
She sighed for those who for her Goddess' sake
Had met with sleep from which no more they wake.
Her tears were sacred; smiles divinely bright;
Her form majestic, and her footsteps light.
Grace in each move, in all her looks spoke grace,
Enchanting was her soul, with angel's face.
Such be that Goddess: Liberty her name,
All worthies court her for her antique fame.

How goes the battle on yon river's side?
We fight for freedom; they for lordling pride.
Donop with Hessians makes a bold attack
On our brave Greene, who, skilled in art, falls back;
Yet, while from nearest fortress he retires,
Both armies blaze with wide-stretched, dead'ning fires.
On, on they throng along the opening space,
As though in mirth they sported on a chase:
But all at once, as hell's abyss arose,
They hear the thund'ring guns with deathlike throes,
That fill their breasts with momentary woes.
They fall on earth, ere sense could tell them why:
There sink in slumbers; red in heaps they lie.
By terror, death, despair, nor strength to fly,
Far from their homes in foreign lands they die.
Such was the sanguine scene on Ruby Bank,
Where Hessians down to shades of Hades sank.

L V I I I .

Generalissimo George Washington after the battle approached and said, Sir John, Sir John, take care of these Hessian prisoners; for, honest man, I must reward you for your services of old with this commission. Your belly, Sir John, seems so well lined already with good capon and good sack, that I hardly think there's room enough in it left for the lodgment of a regiment of these poor, trembling devils. Say, Sir John Falstaff,

are you an Epicurean cannibal? for sure enough there would be royal game for such a fellow.

FALSTAFF. Thanks to you, most noble General. By the gods of battle now (*flourishing his sword of authority*); now by Almighty Jupiter, and all the gods of ancient battle, I have a work to do under his Excellency-in-chief. (*Then turning to the Hessians.*) You damned hyenas,—you cutthroats; your whore-son rapsallions; you trembling paricides and paragons of horror; you midnight assassins; you, you workers of iniquity; you hellhounds let loose on earth; you pukes belched forth from hell as scourgers of Christians; you with faces of toads and tongues of vipers,—I, I, *I* will open your veins; I'll mix your cursed blood with Sans' sack whisky, and strengthen the hatred I owe you by drinking, drinking your souls' damnation. I'll leave your damned carcasses to be devoured by wolves and buzzards, and your bones to be sucked by wildcats. Never mind; hellcats, never mind praying. Your prayers never reach higher than King Beelzebub's black throne. By the gods, they never do.

WASHINGTON. Hold! Falstaff, hold! We see what monster-mettle things they are. Upon your peril, spill not a drop of Hessian blood. By treating them well, let them know how wrong they are in supposing us to be cannibals. 'Tis that, Falstaff. And now, false-hearted man, let those false legs carry that faulty heap out of my presence. For shame! Get you gone, Falstaff, with all your false flesh and false courage! Get you gone, I say!

L I X .

Ye who would still my antique Muse pursue,
 Full soon in mind some sanguine strife shall see;
 A day redounding to our prowess view,
 At Philadelphia, where had warred the free,
 The Redcoat Britons glad'ning in their glee.
 For now they bid adieu to that fair place,
 And northward in retreating march they flee;

While long and haggard, in each royal face
The marks of disappointments might ye trace.
They move for York,—in clouds the dust is seen
To rise,—o'er miles they reach, in glit'ring sheen.
In dazzling arms they move, and magic pride;
But not by Freedom's Genius all unspied.
Great Washington, with sacred love inspired,
And hate for wrongs and rifling carnage fired,
Their movements spies, and follows on apace.
As men of dauntless fire in sanguine chase,
With corps detached they fall upon their rear,
And gall their flanks: this fills them with sad care.
The fiery Lee he orders on apace,
To meet in front, to combat face to face;
While Washington himself moves on to aid;
That man untouched by fear or war's sharp blade.

But lo! Lee flies, he meets him in his flight;
While the foe comes thundering on in swift parade,
Brave Washington speaks forth in words not slight:
"Halt! halt! Hark! man of prudence, why this noise?
For Heaven's sake, Lee, where are thy dauntless boys?
Whence all your fears?" With dark, convulsive rage,
Lee shook his frame, and spoke in words unsage:
"No man can boast that rascal's virtue more
Than thine own Excellency against thy foe."
Then by this madman Lee great Washington rode,
And hailed his flying men with glittering sword.
"Men, can you fight?" great George in tones then cried;
His men "God save great Washington!" replied.
"God save our hero; Heaven his lasting fame
Preserve; his glory and immortal name!"

L X.

Then turn my heroes, face, fire, charge! On charge.
At once they turn; a streaming fire discharge
Against their foe; their foe returns the shock,

Which echoed fiercely far from rock to rock ;
And rivulets of blood went rippling by
From mortals streaming in deep agony.
Sad pangs the pangs known 'lone to those who die !

Lee joined great Washington. Like sickled hay
The foe falls thick beneath their towering sway :
The tall pine-trees, now shaking, seem to sigh ;
While through their tops men's spirits waft on high.
O fatal rage ! Grim havoc stops not yet,
But sweeps 'mid din and gore and death-cold sweat.
Life, death, the game : men, steeds, swords, knives, and blood
Foamed in wild rage, like angry-rolling flood.
While beamed through vapory din Sol's fainter fire,
They onward press to vent their wrathful ire.

Greene, Morgan, Wayne, that day were not remiss ;
And Britons lowly bowed to earth, and kissed,
So wild and sad their swords and balls there hissed.
Now flies the enemy from vale to hill,
Followed by bloody carnage, thick'ning still.
But night at last her dark arm intervenes,
Tired of slaughter and her bloody scenes.

L X I.

But sad Britannia's brow is pale and chill :
She slowly sweeps o'er yonder distant hill.
In mournful steps thus wends her way afar,
And looks the haggard image of despair.
Long had she viewed (no longer now could bear
That doleful sight) the scene before her eyes,
Where fall her sons in pangs of agonies.
Their anguish was too deep ; too deep their piercing cries,
With streaming blood, and sad, convulsive sighs.
"This work O hell's sad angels best may prize !"
Sighed she ; then turned her eyes blood-stained to the skies
For mercy. Dint of smoke there now arise,

And stops her vision. Thence to Albion's isle
A mournful look she throws, where once could smile
Her happy children, free from bloody strife,
And full of love and gayety and life.
But then it was her own bright verdant isle:
Nor did base Tories stir her helm with wile;
Nor skilled in knavish tricks and knavish guile.
She looked in grief, and thus for mercy sighed;
While rocks and mountains to her tones replied;
And caves and rills reechoed to her wail,
And sounds terrific ran along the vale.

LXII.

But here the battle's raging scene was o'er;
'The tramp of feet and roaring heard no more;
Yet there was blood, blood shed by friend and foe;
And many there whose lives had left their clay,
And in their hideous forms of paleness lay.
And there lie steeds that lately champed the bit;
And ravens round about in tameness flit,
And now and then on carcasses would light;
Or now near by in tranquil grandeur sit,
Scarce scared by man, alive to make their flight,
So warmly rev'ling on bodies of the fight.
And next the wolves in woods adjacent howl.
Sad gloom! No music save the hooting owl!
'The battle's din was o'er; and Spangle slept,
And in his sleep he hears a siren tongue;
And beauteous words she sung, and almost wept;
But, waking, heard it not, though still it rung
In his heart's memory, as known too well,
And chained him in its silent, charming spell;
And on his sleep these were the words that fell:—

L X I I I.

Haste, brave soldier! Why delay?
I look for thee with languid eyes;
With soul as true as dawn of day
Breaks o'er the oriental skies.
There's not an hour that rolls afar,
Not one bright moment passed in gladness,
But fills my breast with tender care,
Or sinks my heart in mem'ry's sadness.
And could my love so soon delay,
My heart deceitful prove to thee?
No, no, I grieve if but a day
Thy love should not remember me.
Oh! oft do I, at eve's calm hour,
Think o'er fair days, bright days, gone by,
When passed beneath some fresh green bower,]
And think of thee with tearful eye.
Then come, brave soldier!—but adieu!
May hours be few ere we shall meet!
O Heaven avert that Britain's crew
Should mar that bliss of home so sweet!

'T was but a dream; yet, when he woke, it seemed
As words familiar, while with hope they beamed.

L X I V.

An epoch comes, dark-stamped with foul disgrace;
A radiant star grows dim; his glittering face
Wanes black; gone are his charms, his dazzling light
(Those charms that held entranced the gazer's sight);
Yes, that bold Arnold, who had glittered far,
Like some red comet, some transcendent star,
Falls out with Washington, "his country's pride,"
And seeks to slay his countrymen, and guide.
Oh! villain! of unearthly hue thy heart!

And deeply damned by Heaven! We need not start;
The world has damned thee "Traitor," as thou art.

Republics had no charms for him; but fire
Moved his fierce soul. Bewitching as a lyre
Was blood. Nor did he fight for sister, sire,
But that vain wealth and luxury might smile;
Nor cared for aught, so fellow men admire.

His was a spirit of infernal guile;
Like a corsair he reigned in that fair city;
To man he bore no love, remorse, or pity.
Not as great Cæsar could he nations rule;
True fame he knew not of, or Plato's school.
Though pampered not like Antony, his pride
Like him planned death,—his nation's havoc wide.
Like Cataline, in plots and heart accursed,
How deep his hatred burned,—for blood he thirst!
He damned the Congress whom, remembered well,
Like Samson, he would drive to shades of hell.
Their temple bright of liberty would shake
About their ears, and make them dying quake.
Such was his language foul; and, choked with rage,
He vowed, in wrath, a trait'rous war to wage.
Yes, like the grim wolf insatiate,
He fills his stomached heart, nor cares for fate.

By means unknown this quarrel reached the foe;
The wrath of Arnold, profligate and low.
Sir Clinton heard it, and with joy grew glad:
Well known his nature, he deposes a lad
(Andre by name) to scan his heart; and found
His purse was empty, and his heart unsound.

L X V.

Andre ten thousand guineas, brightly shining,
Lays down before Ben's eager soul repining;
And trait'rous Arnold smiles with glad delight,
Charmed by the gold which deigns he not to slight.

If gold has charms of virtue's common weight,
Why reck we he, an angel of the night,
Should fail to vent his demon wrath in hate,
And heap mankind in one sad, sanguinary fate?

For price he takes a general's place and pay,
And all that can arise from rifling fame.

Base Arnold barter Washington to slay.
His country, soldiers, liberty,—O shame!
He durst consign to wrath, to slaughter's flame.
His projects rest on Heaven's high hand to mar
(Or aid in slaughtering liberty's fair dame)
With heaven's eternal thunderbolts of war.
But hark! vice-trains now sink in wild despair:
They fall by shafts of virtue's ceaseless car.

Thus Arnold fell, so rich in pillaged stores,
And army's traitor to their full-armed foes.
What glow of sweetness to his blood-red soul,
A nation's ruin glim'ring in their gore;
While he the towering hero of the whole,
Could view with demon eye without control!
Clinton delighted; but, to be more sure,
Andre once more at West Point comes ashore.
He sees his cherished Arnold lay the train,
His matches light, to rend our land in twain.
All things are ready. All at hand await
The deed. Few hours may seal bright eyes in fate.
He'd now return his happy tale to tell
Sir Henry Clinton, him who loved him well.
His soul is lit on joy; but if he fail,
Thrice woful be his maze of wail.

L X V I.

By land he passes, with fictitious name,
The guards, who question not his ready story.
The while joy brighter grew. This deed of fame
Promises fair twining wreaths of burning glory.

Like a free bird, and light as airy breeze,
He walks the road, along leaf-painted trees.
Soft hope beams bright; and brighter, lovelier days
Spread o'er his fancy, with their length of praise.
Bright stars and garters, coaches, castles dance
Before his eyes, which gladden at their glance.
Alas! how sweet, how bitter is that trance!
And shades of light and darkness pass his face;
While in his soul fair beauty's form he trace;
His long-loved, fair, bewitching lady, who
Shone in sweet smiles and eyes of ocean's blue.
Far o'er Atlantic's waters rolling blue
This fair one dwells, where last he bade adieu.
She softly seems her lovely eyes to roll,
And heave a sigh, a sigh that speaks her soul;
And, with all grace and charms by beauty blest,
To sink enraptured on his heart, his breast.
Alas! too blissful thoughts by far are these!
They live and die, as summer's morning breeze.
Ah! luckless youth, amid thy towering scope
Of lofty ideas, and of glowing hope,
What boots it now thy mission and thy name
Are called in question by three knights of fame!
He answers to the charge, presents his pass,
And bounds away along the verdant grass.

L X V I I.

The Guardian Genius of Columbia now
Broke forth in tears. Dim eyes and pallid brow
Bespoke her heartfelt grief at fall of one,
Her bright immortal Washington.

Weep, Liberty! thou charming goddess, weep!
Sob for thy nation, doomed for sanguine sleep!
She wept; and burning tears reproaching fell
Upon her guards, which did her anguish tell.
"He glides the vale by incantation's song"

(Then spake a knight): "his looks must sure be wrong."
Again they call and question him,—ah! why?
His guileless answers prove himself a—spy?
He now had spurred his charger's milk-white side.
Their guns are true: could from sight he glide?
No swifter steed would move, or lad would ride.
And pale, shivering, a golden watch he shows:
"It will not do, lord spy!" were words that 'rose.
A purse of guineas, shining bright and yellow,
To let him pass, he offers to each fellow:
But "No!" (the answer, solemn as before,
Arose) "no! thou enchanting youth; no! no!"
For life a pension now he offers each;
But vain his bribes; in vain does he beseech!

Great God, who o'er our fathers reigned above,
In wrath on Andre and on freedom-love
Alights. They search; they find in Arnold's seal
Dark, blighting ruin to our promised weal,
That havoc which his blackened soul conspires
To conflagrate his friends with raging fires.

LXVIII.

Sons of the generous and the noble, why
Shall I relate the spot where Andre lie?
Or how he died? (Alas that such should die
The death-inglorious sentence of a spy!)
They say, where stood his gallows o'er his grave,
Tall weeds and ferns in twilight gently wave;
And smiling angels often view the spot
Whence soared his spirit, where his ashes rot.
There lay the youth; but not with death forgot.
That grave the foe oft bathed in melting tears.
But all the human race have death by lot;
And forms most beautiful decay and rot;
And he had his. Why agonizing cares?
Few were his joys, who fell in bloom of years,

And fell the slave of no ignoble fears.
'Tis said he was the scholar, soldier, poet,
Musician, painter, youth, and, what's before it,
Of noble heart. Alas! what gifts in vain!
He lived and died, and so must live again.
Arnold, (vile wretch!) advised of Andre's fall,
Soon fled his station, at sad Andre's call;
For danger menaced in that luckless fate,
And soon would reach him with avenging hate.
But Andre (ah! the guiltless victim,) fell,
And marked the spot which else were Arnold's dell.

L X I X .

Arnold invades Virginia; and, in wrath,
Leads foes, while desolation marks his path.
He pillaged churches, temples, and destroyed
All things most sacred. Gloomy grew the void
Through which his footsteps passed. He sadly fired
Fair edifices grand; while oft expired
The beautiful and fair beneath his arms,
Pierced by the sword, or chilled by grief's alarms.
Oh, cruel wretch! a band of Indians wild
He leads, to whom poor mercy sighs adieu!
Yon villa, which in beauty's tints high-smiled,
(Through flowery trees in heavenly odors mild,)
He flames, and views: the while his soul admires
The spiral blaze that rise o'er ruins piled;
While bleeding, lie beneath red-raging fires,
Frail infants, mothers, and their gray-haired sires.
The fairest maids, with eyes of sweetest hues,
That throw bewitching softness on the heart,
Gain mercy nor respect: they kill, abuse.
The forms of beauty, Venus though o'er hearts,
To death and torture at his nod departs.
O traitor! didst thou hope for future bliss,
And not with pangs of fiery hell to smart,

Vain was such hope: a ball of serpents hissed,
And made thee oft thy dark, wild conscience kiss.
Perfidious wretch! near yonder village now
He seeks to plunder, to entwine his brow
With laurel fame. He leads his Indian tribes;
Now views the mountain village, and imbibes
The pure sweet air; views flames o'erreaching high,
In writhing curls, as if to meet the sky.

Thus lone, exulting in his demon pride,
He sends to yonder mansion, and confides
To Indians' care Larissa,—not his bride,
But she whose soft, exquisite charms his eyes
Had spied, whom Barton loved with tender sighs.
Though Barton once had saved his demon life,
Amid wild boisterousness of deadly strife,
Most bitter foe he seeks his destined bride.
Ah! could he seek so fair a creature's life!
Why virtue's self by anguish thus betide!
Why bear such evils as by Heaven's denied!

L X X.

Sweet Larissa! fair maid! at vesper's bell
Had smiled on flowerets bright of many a hue,
Whose sweets were charms of joy's delicious well,
While the heavens above shed down their balmy dew;
Lone waved her pulviled hair, as zephyrs blew.
Seen there, it were a fancy's loving spell,
For breath of life no fairer creature drew:
No tinseling hand could paint her beauty well;
And in description, words lacked half to tell.
But hark! what sound of woe is heard near by,
That rolls discordant o'er her heart? Hark to the cry
Of murder's saddening notes! Deep groans and sighs
Awake her soul; and lo, what flames arise!
She Britons in full armor glittering views,
And Indians,—lo their brows of demon hues!

With horror darkly chilled, their steps she spies,
And senseless sinks to-earth, shocked, with sad sighs!
She wakes to life; and o'er her woes sad chills
Ran fast and cold: unspeakably this fills
Her sweetest, tenderest soul. Two savage youths
Raging in deadly strife and blood she views:
Their brows are stamped with hell's black, damning hues!
She turns her beauteous eyes to that loved mansion-place,
But naught save spiral flames she there could trace!
O where her mother, sisters, brothers, sire!
Do all consume in that horrific fire?

Ah! this heart-rending scene, unfelt till now,
Spake o'er her heart, while scowled the savage brow.
She swoons; she wakes; she stares in awful dread:
An Indian chief beneath her eyes now bled.
And while she gazed, swift o'er her features spread
A livid gloom. But lo! the vanquished chief
Arises slowly, and in hell-black grief.
Ungenerous savage, cold, his aspect spake:
All living virtue should his presence quake!
And as he spake, quick, fiery fleaks would fly,
And blaze break forth his hell-red, fiery eye.
Who could believe a creature fair as she
Was wronged by man, barbarian, though he be.
Whiter than foam of Ocean's rolling wave
Her breast; her eyes two stars; (sweet light they gave!)
Her face heaven's radiant bow in showers; her form
The stamp of beauty's majesty, that warm
The lovers heart. Unmatched in charms, she fell
Beneath the traitor's sword, or savage yell.
Thus waft her soul to Cela's realms on high!
Thus drooped her earthly joys! thus closed her eye!
With trees and rocks around, above the skies,
Her life-blood flows; but senseless there she lies;
E'en savage breasts can scarce withhold the sigh,
" 'Tis sad, 't is strange, that fairest mortals die!"

L X X I.

A sad tale! The fount and grove around her dell
Tell where the form of innocence fell.
Look yonder! yea, there beams a lovely clime,
Where rocks, a monument of love and crime,
Lift up their cliffs of rudeness high in air;
(Their topmost peaks of gray-blue tints lie bare;)
The mountain's base, the vale, the brook, the rill,
Paints woe in beauty! throws o'er hearts their chill!
The very boughs, fresh-green, that grace the hill,
And skies, when marked with sunset's radiant beams,
That wake the soul to stroll in ideal gleams;
The majesty of stately, rustling trees,
As waft sweet incense in the zeph'ry breeze:
These all impart, though fair, a blighting gloom
O'er the deep silence of her lonely tomb.

The sun, that beams his rays of blazing light
Unclouded to the eye (his streams are bright),
Now sinks his rays along the western skies,
And stamps in beauty's soft, empurpling dyes,
That wake emotions of the fair and sweet;
While eve in calmness sinks herself to night,
And moon and stars their clear, smooth passage beat.
O say! must lovers filled with dark despair,
Not sigh to look on flowers blooming here!

Around the tomb of one in life so fair,
The sweetest, brightest flow'rets held most dear,
In fading hues and fragrance, must impart
Their deepening sorrow o'er the mourner's heart.

L X X I I.

And Barton now returns: his footsteps light,
As to his home he draws in fond delight.
Barton returns; and joy's delicious rays
Beamed in his face, as oft, in earlier days,

Streams, rocks, hills, dales, trees, call to mind
What he whilom in sorrow left behind.
So fair and pleasing now they charmed the view;
So different seemed since last he bade adieu.

He neared the mansion where his lady dwelt;
With love his gladdening heart elated felt;
While winds he with the vale, now near the hill,
Where the pure fountain gushes on its rill;
And the air in spice-like breezes fans his cheek,
Near by the brink of that far-murm'ring creek.
He views the vines that cling yon summer bower:
A bliss,—how sweet the poison of that hour!
Sweet nature, art, he views in this combined;
Trees of fair fruits, and grapes above entwined.
O sweet sensation, once again to view
All that he loved, whom here he bade adieu!
Lo! sad in woe, his heart now wakes to freeze!
So sad his grief, unfelt is heaven's soft breeze.
He sees a heap of ashes, where high-reared
Stood late her beauteous mansion unimpaired.
He views in grief dark chimneys lone and tall,
Where glittered bright that lady's stately hall.
Alas! the ruin frowns a massy pile,
O'er which hell's demons scarce in scorn could smile.
"Alas! where is she gone! Alas, O where!"
An empty sound it echoes through the air:
His soul is left, and heart, in black despair.
In vain he gazed; he turned away in gloom.
And had he gazed upon her moundless tomb!
Was this his fair Larissa's awful doom!
Oft had he looked on scenes of blood and strife,
Nor felt ere this true bitterness of life.
He turns and moves in gloom along the vale;
But when from cot hard by he learns the tale,
His heart in horror's chains no more is still,
But rises in rebellion with his will.

Through grief and wrath,—no more for vital air
He wished,—unearthly black was his despair.
And near her tomb the form of grief he stood,
And sighed for life to leave him in his flood
Of woe; but vain, unheard, unknown, unseen,
He sighed in anguish o'er her grave-turf green.

L'X X I I I.

“Alas my soul!” he cried; “sad words how weak!
O could the heart its deep-toned anguish speak!
Then would Larissa hear! who once so meek;
She who as pure in heart as fair in face;
In love devout as innocently chaste;
In whom each virtue’s beauty angels trace
With music’s silver tones of heavenly grace,
Would hear me yet.—Ah! he that sealed her fate,
Dread doom awaits, pursued by steps of hate!
Farewell ye hills, ye vales, ye bright green bowers!
Along this brook, at May-morn’s fresh’ning hours,
Oft have I decked and wreathed gay chaplet-flowers;
Or heard the birds in their sweet accents sing
Their warbling beauties of congenial spring.
Here oft the breeze has fanned Larissa fair,
 Beneath this tree, whose shadow-rearing bowers
Lift high and broad into the heavenly air,
 And mellow sweetness sheds from charming flowers.
This I remember well; alas! too well!
Time could not cancel her from memory’s cell.
Farewell, bright days! no more ye greet this eye!
One deed, O Heaven! be mine, then let me die,
And die content; but for revenge I sigh.”
 For this he sighs; but I must leave him now,
And meet him yet while willows shade his brow.

L X X I V.

Thus falls beneath the sweeping scythe of Time
The fairest flowers that beautify man's life;
And everlastingly it sweeps through every clime,
And wildly heaps mortality of strife.
Like grass man falls beneath his sickled knife!
And oft while fall matures the summer's bloom,
We feel Death's stroke in wild contagion rife!
All living creatures meet in thee their doom!
Sad Death! with Time thou roll'st in mirth or gloom,
And sweep'st each generation to the tomb!
These very men (which truth of hist'ry tests),
Were once of life's sweet joys, the high behests;
Now naught they have of earth. Naught save the grave,
Thy gift, O Earth! to all the mean, the brave.

THIRD CANTO.

PROLOGUE.

COULD I but change to softest melody
My song, more fit 't would bear his lofty deeds
Who here in youth, ere yet, in fame's degree,
Surveyed yon beauteous fields,—those groves and meads,
While all a wilderness of woods and weeds,
Where snakes, bears, wolves, panthers, howled and hissed,
Where late the Red Man stalked in doleful deeds,
With butcheries and crimes, that formed a list
Of woes which we retaliatingly resist.
But on the swift wings of steam we whistle through
Thy fair, unrivaled vale, Virginia! High,
Far on the right, arise thy mountains blue;
While on, on o'er thy brightest landscape fly
Our winged-like chariots. Now we Ceres spy,
Full-robed in richest fields, inviting rest
And toil: but nature now we mostly pry.
On yonder eastern side the Blue Ridge, press
Thy silvery stream, sweet Shenandoah! while on the west
Our cars in trains majestically sweep
Along the water's brink; while on our left
A mountain towers o'er the head, where sleep
The fox, the owl, the snake, not all bereft
A place to hide; nor these wild rocks we weep;
A pile romantic is each mountain heap.
Arch-bridges, rivers, roads, and town enhance,
And leads the pilgrim to ascend yon rugged steep,

To take, like Jefferson, afar that happy glance—

The town, famed Harper's Ferry, at our feet.

We feel no grander scene in fair romance
Exists o'er Switzerland, or polished France,
Than this our eyes behold. And then full on

Our recollections come the deeds of this
High-famed philosopher and patriot gone,
Whose name—Tom. Jefferson—these rocks adorn.
O'er thine and other names shine glory, fame, and bliss,
And halls of Continental Congress not amiss.

We seek copatriots of thy fame; bright sages
We find who brave all woes, though bullets hiss;
And through most distant, glorious ages
Their fame is blent, in bright historic pages,
The noblest sons of Revolutionary time,
Come back upon my mind, while musing here,
A son of eloquence and worth sublime,
That vied with thee, Demosthenes! and dear
To his bright native land,—who knew no fear
As thou didst feel,—in heart and soul was ours.
In him true eloquence was stamped. And near
And next to Henry in persuasive powers
Was Henry Lee, who like immortal Tully towers.

The world can boast no brighter name than thine,
Sage Franklin! Bright thy Adams' fame, and Jay's;
While Hancock, Randolph, Rutledge, all combine
To form, with Marshall, Wythe, Pendleton, rays
Of intellectual worth that may amaze
The generations; but these are few. Look well
And learn from history their ampler praise;
Their deeds, their eloquence, where rose, where fell;
Read history first, then list to what I tell.

But O thou fair Potomac's noble stream,

That washes Mount Vernon with thy crystal wave,
In the bright sun I see thy ripples gleam;

Then look far westward where thy waters lave

The Alleghanies, where Spartan valor beams
In Leonidas-like Washington, it seems
Who here fierce Gauls repelled, and savage tribes:

His army youths; theirs veterans of schemes:
Himself a youth, yet all that worth imbibes,
Or genius softly, eloquently describes.

Again, when Braddock scorned thy sage advice,
Till gloomy fate was mantling all like night,

Thy coolness, skill, with penetration nice,
The remnant army saved. Thy valiant might
Shone to the live and dying doubly bright.

But Braddock fell, and lo! he perished not;
But there are bleached his soldiers' bones full white;
And Braddock praised before he died; but whom

Virginia's rangers o'er that fatal spot
Where many a valiant did his blood imbrue.
His lips till death praised Buckskins: all admired;
And Washington he praised, then in his arms expired.

That hero fell; but I must bid adieu
To this wild scene of beauty, and pursue

The varied theme that I essayed to paint,
Though I could fondly linger here, 't is true,

And drink the pure elements without constraint,
The mountain air, and crystal fount, nor rue
The sweet reflections rising on the view,
From thy wild heights inspired, fair Harper's Ferry!
But bid mounts, rivers, shops, and bridges all adieu.
My heart, my soul, wrapt in the sad and merry,
Seek not the recollections of this day to bury.

I.

SAVANNAH, fair city of this busy age!
Savannah! sweet, bright stream! In truth's sad page,
Of thy fair hills and green vales, of thy stream,
We read of hero's deeds,—the patriot sage
Whose blood poured freely forth in freedom's gleam.
Yes, 't is no work of fancy's busy dream,
The story that I tell. Fiercely by foes
We fall, while in our souls youth freshly beams.
Rash was our Frenchman leader; wrath arose,
And boiled that breast, where prudence slightly glows:
With that mad wrath our soldiers wept the day;
Those soldiers who such madness did survive.

II.

Americans by Estaing's fury sank to clay.
So sadly shone his generalship, that drive
Our sons of men through jaws of death alive.
'Twas, fair Savannah, here thy native son,
Who late through Europe's fruitful fields had strayed,
But for sad Estaing laurels might have won;
For in the bloody battle, undismayed,
He stood, while raged volcanic art, arrayed.
High was the mound whence came the hissing ball;
And through the field of war death howling played.
He firmly stood; for late from realms where all
In peace harmonious dwelt, at duty's call
He came. He views the agonizing throes
Of men who sink in strife along his side.
His heart is rankled by conflicting woes.
He pauses, gazes, envies all aside,
That lay in hideous paleness as they died.
No charms had earth for him, his grief to soothe.
Though brighter rays, indeed, anon would glide
O'er his high soul, his blooming bands to loose
Made his gay spirits sorrow's pangs to choose.

III.

Here fell Pulaski, the fierce and brave,
Who in this foreign land sought liberty;
And here he won a warrior's honored grave.
Here Strife her thousand victims sent on high,
Who leave bright earth, and fellow men that sigh;
So reveled Death away in wide-spread glee.

Here, too, heroic Jasper from his foe
Receives his call,—that dark death-hissing,—his furlough.
'T was Jasper; he who shone in chivalry before

In sundry fields of strife: 't was he that bled;
And o'er the field will shed his smiles no more!
Here Hume close hugged his tinted sword, though dead,
And to celestial realms his soul had fled.

His lady's portrait hugged, of polished dyes.

To-morrow is the day, and they should wed.
Unconscious of this fate that profile's eyes,
And lips of smiles enchanting, speak no sighs!

IV.

But now, behold! on Camden's fertile plain,
Again black sights of horror strike the eye.

Here scattered lie in blood the many slain,
Men who in hopes of cherished freedom die.
Here patriot children can but heave the sigh,
And mark the fault of Gates who did reject
The counsel wise of one of spirit high;
And sigh that Gates too vain did not reflect:
No sanguinary carnage had we then inspect.

V.

The brave DeKalb,—that venerable man,

Whose face and strength, meridian life in bloom,
Whose hoary locks bespoke of autumn's span,

And tot'ring o'er the brink of winter's tomb,
(But active life was his far more than gloom),—
He wisely counsel gave Horatio's arms;
But all in vain: dark frowned impending doom.

Unmoved was Gates; but fame's delusive charms
He loved. He scoffed DeKalb,—“Old man what great alarms.”—
From horse DeKalb to foot changing, addressed
That vaunting hero,—“Strife, stern Sir, may bring my grave.
With thee I'll brave all toil, the tempest breast,
And with thee see the cowards, see the brave,
Nor flight ignobly seek from harm to save.”
They move; the air grows dark; fierce legions crash;
And earth seems restless as the ocean's wave.
And men as sparrows fall 'neath deadly clash.
Peal follows peal, with gash succeeding gash.

V I.

The cannons cease; but the hosts are black with rage;
Their eyes flash fire, with balls that madly roll;
With hands red-stained, and bayonets, they wage
The fight; and to Elisian fields the knell
Of death rings each departing, bloody soul.
Now faintly sighs go floating on the air,—
“Oh, Heaven! I'm slain!” then down, pale, sinking (sighs
Reecho far and wide, with black despair),
With hissing blood and quiv'ring limbs he dies,
Wrung with sad pangs of earthly agonies.

V I I.

The officers are mingled in the strife,
And death flies fast, in fiery horrors flies:
Thus swell the carnage hideous over life;
While rocks and caves ring with the clang of sword and knife.
Than all around DeKalb now towers higher,
And seemed to wade in carnage and in fire.

His voice and sword loud rung in wrath afar.
A Briton huge him seeks with lance to mar;
Now rushes on DeKalb, who turns aside
His fatal dart; then, quick as lightnings are,
His crimson sword he buries in his side,
While all is fury and deep groans awide.

VIII.

Then seized DeKalb the Briton's blade: he deals
Wild death upon the foe in thick profusion,
Loud roars in shrieks the lion, while he feels
The death-blow, driving men in dark confusion.
American shouts, in hope's fond, sweet delusion,
Arose; but Britain's clangor wilder rise:
No resting-place is found in calm seclusion;
And in the fierce, conflicting ranks life flies
In beams, as vivid lightnings flash along the skies.
For glory's wreath Cornwallis marshals high
His men, like fresh red clouds, whose Vulcan noise
Wild breaks in peals as from an angry sky,
And dawning victory to us destroys.

IX.

Our heroes fall; our quickened foe enjoys;
But sweeps DeKalb, by grief undaunted yet.
His arms bright glitter in the sun, while sparks
Of fire roll wide; he falls (a war-star set),
And dies like vivid torch tinged red with blood and sweat;
But still around him rung their dying blows.
Their last expiring gleam of valor flashed,
As fell his remnant band with startling woes,
And all in one wild consternation crashed.

X.

And still more sadly grew the scene; while splashed
The flying feet of coursers o'er the brave;

And life's last gleaming spark but seen, nor flashed
In eyes now fixed, their hearts pierced by the glave;
In woe they shriek, but wildly meet their grave.

Thus did DeKalb (undaunted soul!) at last
Shed out his life for liberty's fair charms;

Thus died the hero by war's relentless blast;
A soul unquelled, he yields with life his arms.

X I .

In after years, great Washington stood by
His tomb: sedately did he muse and sigh
For him who bathed the tree of liberty,
And wielded weapons for the struggling free.
"Alas! that tree's sweet fruits thou canst not taste,
The waters drink, as Heaven is chaste,
Nor twine thyself about the living tree;
Yet will it stand, and live no dreary waste,
And wave the star-bright flag of liberty,
With time bespangled, o'er the earth, air, sea."

X I I .

And Gates deep-mused, DeKalb, where thy ashes sleep,
And sighed for thee he wronged in earlier day;
But unavailing sighs, though lone he weep;

Unheard his grief that fell in tones away.
There waves the tree in living color gay,
While dense, deep corn its soothing fragrance threw

In balmy loveliness, while beamed Sol's ray
Of parting grandeur, in his vesper hue,
Throwing bright tints of beauty o'er the skies of blue.
And here did Gates then strain his farewell gaze,

And sigh for laurels sunk to willows there,
For sanguine were his hopes of lasting bays,
Where grows awild his cypress of despair.

XIII.

Sad Fame! thou quick-winged phantom of the air!
And man, lulled by thy phantom-strains to rest
Or toil, as thou mayst bid his bark to bear,
Oft fleest thou, and leave his naked breast
With pangs of bitterness and grief unblest.
Where wave grotesquely yonder tree-boughs green,
We view the scene of war, on hillock nigh,
Where glitter warriors in their gilded sheen:
We hear the sound of sentinel's deep cry,
And, hark, the enemy's approaching spy.
The gun is fired, that tells of dangers near;
And hark! to horse, with eye lit up, they fly;
They mount; they form: the foe in his career
A moment slacks; his soul is damped with fear;
But now, with clanking hoofs and battle's hum,
The while with glittering eyes that spread afar,
With eyes dilating, voices loud arise;
While friends and foes charge o'er the field of Mars:
They charge like hurricanes that break the air.

XIV.

A female's wailing voice—a shriek—is heard:
She feels in spirit much dark danger's care.
Yes, woman weeps; but, like a demon herd,
Red warriors swept along, nor dangers feared.
The Britons here dare not await the charge;
But dense their ranks they break in wildest flight:
In din they dash, as tempest-beaten barge.
McDonald's band, as vivid lightnings bright,
With swords translucent in the rays of light,
Close on their heels in whirlwind speed then passed.
It was to us an all-delicious sight.
O'er earth their footsteps glided on so fast,
They scarcely deign deny that day their last.

X V.

Like a winged dragon now, with glistening eye,
Swift-footed Selim seemed on wings to fly.
His sword McDonald waved thrice o'er his head,
In fiery circles, lately dipped in red;
And dreadfully his naked claymore shone,
When lifted high in air, and downward borne;
And while his charging voice like thunder shakes,
His foe aghast, in awful wildness, breaks;
As when the lion roars the flying bison quakes:
And thus McDonald gained that glorious day;
But he, his ruddy face, has passed away.

But to a shame from his defeat I go:
How Haines was taken, treated by his foe;
Locked in sad chains, within a dungeon dark;
Lone clanked his irons o'er the cold, damp floor;
Nor gleamed through lattice low a ray or spark,
To cheer the soul that shone a meager mark:
And silently his life, like taper's flame,
Consumes, while sad he hears the night dogs bark.

X V I.

His life to save, in vain petitions came
From sons of freemen, and of Britain's fame:
In vain the ladies of the city drew
A prayer for him, whose gallantry they knew.
His little children, then a mournful band,
Their father's name in words lisp lowly, bland.
Clad in deep black, before the brute they stand.
Their ma just then had met her last of ills.
Sad things! they stand a helpless, forlorn band,
And weep her fate with woe's heart-rending chills;
And feel the hope a dying parent kills.
What man such grief so piteous could withstand?
None, sure, but devil,—yea a hell-born brand.

XVII.

On bended knees, tear-streaming eyes, they crave
The monster, in soul-jarring tones, to save
Their only parent from ignoble grave;
But all in vain to him who grant no prayer,
Though humble accents flow from children fair.
Deep in his dungeon, where faint glim'ring ray,
To show his death-like features of despair,
Throws on that face, where glows no hope of day,
But hours of darkness run in wild decay.

XVIII.

A son near by, a tender-hearted youth,
Well taught by time to follow duty's path,
In tears sat still, and eyed his sire in truth;
That sire doomed, by his foe's relentless wrath,
To hang ignobly on the tree of death,
His son in piteous tones of anguish eyed,
While short allotted grew his father's breath.
His sire's deep grief was moved, while by his side
His son with pangs of agony so cried.

XIX.

The morrow dawns. While dark within his cell,
And pale as death, he lay in misery,
The hangman comes. Hark to the sounding knell!
That tells the hour has come when Haines must die!
Hark to the sound that floats along the sky!
Once—last—he feels Sol's rays. He bids adieu
(How tender!) to his babes,—tears in his eye!
He hung! His son, as if to gaze him through,
Gazed wild and strange, in agonizing view.
Thus gazed the youth, and dark delirium drank.
Here might I tell more touching tales of woe;

What mothers, orphans, babes,—what fathers sank!
Who bathed in tears where sanguine streamlets flow,
Amid wild elegies that mothers pour.

X X.

For thee, McCoy, in soul-strained tears, was sung
A grief that in heroic breasts burns low,
But deep; such as might tell no earthly tongue.
Thus she, when viewed the blade, with pangs was wrung.

But, Riflemen who boast unwavering skill,
Behold your fame on King's eternal hill!
There view your Ferguson, with rifle-boys,
Whose touch exquisite, and whose fire destroys.
There British grieve, despite your vaunted skill
Of firing guns whose balls as hissing kill.
There might we weep. Your inefficient aims
Swept harmless by, and gave no piercing pains.
While sealed by death, in heaps your earthly stars
Fast dwindling melt away in field of Mars.

X X I.

We there may view, with an expressive eye,
Columbia's gladness; Britain's bursting sigh.
Alas! their skill, so vaunted, what avails!
Their guns elude them; else quick vision fails.
There fell your Ferguson; there brave men fell;
Along that mount they found their resting-dell.
But while Columbia smiles, she throws a tear
On him eternally high-famed and dear.
Here noble Williams found an earthly bier:
What angel smiling might not shed a tear!
His was the patriot heart, the flaming tongue,
That roused to arms his comrades brave and young.

X X I I .

Bold man ! In midst of wild, devouring strife,
He feels a ball, the crimson sluice of life
Ope in his breast; and fast his life-blood streamed,
While all around in giddiness wild gleamed.
Borne by his aides into the army's rear,
To staunch his blood, and dress his wounds with care,
A voice he hears exclaiming, loud, " Hurrah !
The day is ours ! They cry for peace ! Hurrah !
They cry for quarter ! " Quickly stared his eyes,
As, roused from sleepy death, he faintly cries,
" Who calls for quarter ? "—" Brits," a voice replies.
With beaming joy he smiling bows and dies.

Through time let Freedom's children lisp his name,
And bearded men chant loud his lofty fame !
When shall we view in fame his like again !

X X I I I .

He, too, was one of Virginia's favored boys,
(And Campbell leading on these bat'ling boys;)
But hark ! the din of foe in rapid strides !
Cohorts, and cavalry, and Tarleton besides.
Brave Morgan calls a council, and prepares
For battle ; while, like Phaeton's whirling cars,
The foe, loud shouting, brings upon the charge :
On steeds of bended necks, and nostrils wide,
They come, and cimeters and guns discharge.
The while like demons of a dream they glide.
The strife raw men dare not to undergo,
But fly in madness from their frantic foe.
Now swiftly Tarleton's cavalry pursued,
And with avenging blades our men they hewed ;
While Colonel Washington in grief now views
His flying men ; but to their rescue flew.

X X I V.

Compact he closely moved, at once; then made
A vigorous charge, and Britons prostrate laid.
High on their stirrups, life and death and hell,
Seem flashing widely, while beneath them fell
Their wrathful foe. In streams of lightning-fire
Their swords red glitter 'neath their breasts of ire.
Now fearfully red, heads and arms around
In death roll quivering on the blood-stained ground.
Warm carcasses, distained with blood and gore,
A moment shiver, and then move no more.

X X V.

With stormy rage and agonizing grief,
His troops fast slaughtered, Tarleton sighed relief.
He flies, makes promise, threatens, storms, and raves;
Calls on the gods (but calls in vain) to save
His valiant men, devoted to their graves.
Like a steamship that darts through mountain waves,
Our Colonel's wild, resistless squadron flew,
And on the earth their high-trimmed cohorts threw.
Hark to chaotic trains! In wild dismay
They headlong fly from battle's fierce array.
Now bending o'er their chargers' flowing manes,
Americans, loud shouting, wave, red-stained,
Their swords; while woods reecho with the roar,
The shouts of friends,—the shrieks of wounded foe.

X X V I.

And still arose the din, and louder grew,
As Britons, in their warlike crimson hue,
O'er the wild fields afar and dark hills flew.
And, like the mammoth, in its hugest size,
On bisons flying, with wild, rolling eyes,—
Bisons that browsed o'er the prairies wild,

In days when naught save savage beauty smiled,
Now hideous bellowing show their pain and fright,
While the roaring monster follows close their flight,
The earth is tottering at their flying feet,
While on from vision fly their footsteps fleet,—
Such was the noise, amid repeated peals,
As Tarleton fled from Cowpens famous fields.
He moves like clap of thunder, first, not far,
Which rolls and dies along the distant air,
While heaven and earth are shaking from the jar.

XIXVII.

Now Howard (Maryland's bright chivalry
Advanced with splendid legion) meets the rank
Of Tarleton's infantry, where many sank.
Well aimed his guns; death gath'ring spreads in flame;
He marred their legions, and impaired their fame.
And Morgan waved his gilt-red sword on high,
And spake in thunder, as from yonder sky.
He said, "True warriors, Morgan never yet
In life was beaten: do not that forget.
Fire once more, my heroes, and fame shall set
In laurel beauty on your brows of sweat."
With shouts all now, quick pressing on their foe,
Their fire stretch wide, and swell in awful roar;
And bayonets that follow close behind,
Inflict eternal wounds: Death strikes them blind;
And in eternity far rolls man's mind.

XXVIII.

The ancient pines, the cypress, and the yew,
Waved mournfully their tops, as upward flew
Their numerous ghosts. They rise in saddest cries,
Like snow-white swans, as mounting to the skies,
When blasts of winter strike their plumage white,
And drive on far-stretched wings, to seek by flight

Some more congenial clime,—so flit their ghosts,
While onward flew their living, panting hosts.

For twenty miles did Washington's bold band
Pursue proud Britons o'er the sterile sand.
Through fields, far in advance of all the rest,
Did Washington ride,—his valor of the best.
Tarleton, whose rage swelled high within his breast,
Whose fair-born soul, whose diademic crest
Was placed in hazard, whirled a file about
To kill young Washington, and change the rout.

X X I X.

This name so bold, so calmly void of fear,
A blow he strikes which smit fierce Tarleton's ear :
And while he stands alone, thus puts to flight
Some British heroes faintly glittering bright.
A servile trooper levels at his heart
The fatal, fiery shaft,—the hissing dart,—
But down quick fell his withered, massy arm :
Then flies mad Tarleton in more sad alarm ;
And thus he flies, till night has closed the scene ;
Through brakes and pines he moves in magic sheen.
His hundreds now lie pale upon the earth ;
And what avail the splendor of their birth.
Scattered afar o'er fields and piney woods,
Their blood in rills flows on as natal floods ;
Their souls are flitting o'er the dark blue hills,
Mourned by each music-rippling rill.
Their loss is sad ; but, on the other hand,
Few, few Americans were strewed the sand.

X X X.

Mid gloom and Tories, the Palmetto State
Shone brightly now and then ; while the brave few,
With Marion, Sumpter, Horry (King George's hate),

Battled the foe invading black and blue.
From their avenging weapons many flew
And many fell. Though homely was the fare,
Yet the fierce soul inflamed the breath it drew ;
And fire of hate and country's love, that share
The innate soul, all toils and dangers proudly bear.
Not least of worth (as now), in those heroic days,
The sex fond, fair,—bewitching then, as now,—
They did their part, and merit all our praise :
And praises evermore shall deck their brow,
And in the tower of fame we sons allow
That spot the brightest, most exalted, theirs.

X X X I.

In war's dark hours, how amiable, how
Angelically beautiful in cares
They shone! in heart, mind, soul and body, deeds and prayers.
'T was eve, and stars were twinkling in the sky ;
Bespangled was the firmament of heaven,
And smiling clouds soft hung in whiteness high,
Which shone afar like snows by whirlwinds driven,
But not as wintry clouds by tempest riven.

X X X I I.

'T was sweet! But hark the signal-gun! Confused
The foe, as if by wildest demons driven,
Swift flies. All faces pale with panic 'fused,
Some stared aghast, while others' life-blood oozed.
In a piazza near, some valiants stood,
Who, lately roused by din from slumber's chain,
Now dared to brave the tempest-growing flood,
And bid defiance to McDonald's train.
Unsagely thus in wrath was Irving slain :
Thus Croton, too, who, in as bold a style,
Firm in the moonlight waved his sword in vain;—

But for an angel's tears, a woman's smile,
His fate had been in ruin's dreadful pile.

X X X I I I.

She hears the din on the piazza's floor,
And, terrified with pangs, in wildness rose,
And lo! her lover's voice, amid the roar!
Her breast is pierced by danger's darkest woe:
Her eyes in sorrow dipped, her features pallid grow,
Though 't was beauty's mould, transparently and fair.
Down stairs she flies, where blood red-streaming flows.
In grief's sad consternation of despair,
She rails her lover in disheveled hair.
"O save," she cries, and shielded from the blow
Of blade uplifted by infuriate foe!"
The while she kneels, with Heaven-imploring eyes
And quiv'ring lips, and accents mild and low,
For mercy begs, in pitying tones of woe.

X X X I V.

And they who heard and saw were taught to feel,
And weight of woman's eloquence to know,
She with her sweet and lovely self may shield:
'Tis theirs, that magic weapon which the fair sex wield!
His dauntless life McDonald gave for charms
Of her who seemed a child of heavenly light,
Whose snowy breast, and soft entwining arms,
In hour of danger shone so passing white,
With eye that dazzled in its luster bright.
She was in truth a world's bewitching dame,
Who hushed the din and clash of swords that night.
Love, beauty, hope,—arms of Herculean fame,—
She bore; and made a live, but hushed an angry flame.

X X X V.

But he her tears by one sad blow could mar,

And with it hope, black waning to despair,
If fall the sword, which now uplifted high,
He bid her lover and that beauty die.
But no. He loved at least in days gone by,
And deeds of carnage did not all erase
This from his heart: he sometimes now could sigh.

And mutely then he stood in glad amaze,
And sighed for one he loved the while he gazed.

As if in death she sank upon his breast;
Her chestnut hair in fairest ringlets hung;

And beautifully there she seemed at rest,—
No accents breaking from her lifeless tongue;
Nor stranger's voice, nor footsteps wildly rung.
No clang to break that silent, speechless spell:

'T was past the shock which gloom and horror flung:
And, though a giddy darkness now might swell
Her heart, a voice had whispered, softly, "All is well!"

X X X V I.

From this bright sample of romantic love
To other camps, where Freedom's genii move,
I turn. To where fierce Mars his heroes led;
To where Minerva, in celestial tread,
Binds as she comes new garlands 'round the head.
For in a panoramic vision, now,
I view (or think I view) the many fleets
That thicken o'er the transatlantic sea.
First Howe, the British Admiral,
Fresh from John Bull, o'er ocean, hoves in view;
Then Count Estaing, the French, with many a sail,
America's friend, from sunny Gaul arrives;
Next Byron, Parker, Arbuthnot, with sails
Blacken our course; Tierney and De Grasse,—
Rear-admirals of Gallic fame,—come next:
They beautify with splendor Ocean's beach.

In allied joys we hail their floating banners :
Friends (not our foes) give joy and sweet hosannas.

X X X V I I .

Without these gaudy fleets of France, our Paul
Had ventured like Neptune o'er the Ocean wave,
And filled with terror many a British port.
Whitehaven fell before his valiant arm.
It was the scene of fighting and exploits,
And Scotland's strand the scene of his adventure ;
Then naval battling on the British channel,
Captured for Paul their frigate *Drake* and others.
And many a British captive was led to France
By thy fair seamanship and worth, Paul Jones.
No more as traitors, wild bears, wolves, or pirates,
Did Britain's haughty sons look on our barks ,
No more made threats of execution, but exchanged
Unlucky prisoners of the marine
With thee, thou Scotch-Virginian of the maine.

X X X V I I I .

Next in the Northern Sea, thy *Good-man Richard*,
And *Pallas*,—Wisdom's goddess, famed of old,—
Were the swift vehicles in which Paul Jones
Hurled sad destruction on their *Serapis*
And other fulminating men-of-war :
Thus for America gained fame anew,
And for himself gained glory never to die.

But in that panoramic vision, while I dreamt,
Our Colonel Moultrie next I did descry.
A bolder and more gallant soul than his
Could not be seen. On Sullivan's bright isle
The theater of his earthly, living fame,
Stands forth in simple, bold relief,—
Stands, molders, brightens for man's memory.

XXXIX.

There Peter Parker and Lord Campbell's fleets
Were baffled by thy fire-like tornado ;
Their mariners, by hundreds swept away,
Were buried deep for ocean-sharks' repasts.
In vain did Clinton and Cornwallis wait,—
Expecting soon to scale thy parapets,—
In vain. To Northern States they must return
And fight great Washington through years to come.
Fair Moultrie shone, but shades as fair as his
Shone in that temple, fame's bright edifice.

XL.

New England, the Empiral States, had sons ;
Virginia, Carolina, too, had noble sons :
And many a name embellishes with luster
Our struggling country in her infancy.
But black disgrace with these in shame and glory stood ;
For by fame's temple Traitor Arnold stood,
Who long in freedom's cause had brightly grown ;
And of his acts of fame this one I read :—
How he with Colonel Allen once displayed
True valor in that early enterprise :
Besieging Fort Ticonderoga,—how
New England sons were they,—how "In the name
Of Continental Congress and Jehovah,"
Ticonderoga's guardian spirit
Our Allen summoned to surrender.
And Arnold bore a second part to Allen.

XLI.

Allen among Columbia's chiefs I spied ;
But from his iron nerves my fancy wanders
The panorama through for other worthies.
Cadwallader, that fearless man, I view,—

A Philadelphian, in his day high-famed:—
He leaves his progeny,—joint heirs of glory.
Cheerful and brave was he; in spirit cool,
And high withal: a friendship pure was his,
Outliving malice and all calumny:
A friendship warm for our great Leader-chieftain.
E'en to the verge of death for that bright name,
(The name of Washington,—the name of virtue,)
Insinuations base did he repel.

X L I I.

And General Clinton, father of De Witt,
(Who lately shone so bright in rostrum fame),
Do we admire; and Governor Clinton, both
Sons of New York: her truest gems are they,
That warred against their namesake Henry,—he
Who stalked anew John Bull,—but New York's Clinton,
Unlike that Sir who served his master king,
Was mild, affectionate, cool, energetic;
Like iron was his constitution, too;
Invincible his courage,—love of country;
His martial charms; his many civil virtues,
Crowned with a heart that graced the private station:—
Fair heroes of Hudson's beauteous River
These Clintons were.—And there our Campbell fell.

X L I I I.

And sadly wounded was York's General Clinton:
But by deep stratagem and skill escaped
Imprisonment, or slaughter, or dark chains.
And thus the Britons, five to one of ours,
Stormed with success our forts upon the Hudson.
Fair was the view once more to see these heroes,
And many more, I spied in this fair temple.
Not least was Morgan, Colonel Lee, and Marion.
Ah! many a face I greet,—some bathed in blood.

I saw them as in death, yet resurrecting.
And lo! I read the wondrous deeds of Clarke.

X L I V.

This bold Virginian scoured far o'er the wilds
Of Alleghanies blue; and Indians, hunted
And driven from their haunts, he still pursues.
Dark tribes are vanquished. Down the Ohio
His victories go. Tribes after tribes are his.
And those far on the Wabash did he quell.
And in conjunction with our Colonel Boone
(Kentucky's early chivalry), there fell
Kentucky's awful tribes. The Sciotos, too,
Warred in conjunction, and were vanquished.
Then were Kentuckians freed in part from foes
Implacable, of whom so many a tale
Was neatly woven on romantic truth.

X L V.

Schuyler (not always lucky,—always true)
I there beheld,—son of the Empiral States,
And true in soul, a Revolutionary son.
And Wayne, that wicked, though bold soul,—
Him of the Quaker-land of William Penn,—
In radiance there, with pleasure, did I see.
He, ever at his post in times of danger,
Was formed of energy, of faith, and fire.
Great was the service that his arm performed,
And great the thanks from Washington received.
And Knox and Lincoln,—New England sons,
And special friends of Washington,—I saw.

X L V I.

'Tis needless to recount their deeds. They proved
True patriots, and true friends to Washington.

Lee, Mercer, Gates, Anglo-Virginians, next,
Were handsome souls in this fair temple placed,—
This temple, reared to freedom's fame on earth,
That blazoned to the skies.

And Rochambeau I there in joy beheld;
For many a Frenchman to our blood-stained fields
Did he and Viominel lead. At York
How signal were their services! how well,
Heroically well, they stormed the ditch,
And silenced all the fiercest batteries!

XLVII.

But in the panorama of our heroes,
I saw Pulaski, too, and Baron Steuben,—
An aide renowned of Frederick the Great;
He who through Europe built his name in fame,
Who warred against the great and allied nations,
(France, Austria, Sweden, Russia, and the Saxon,)
Warred all victoriously, with Britain's help;—
Yes Baron Steuben brought infinite aid
In self to Washington—Columbia's cause.

XLVIII.

But higher still, I viewed, than these, a face,
A form as beautiful, as if divine,—
The ever-living Koskiusko,—great
And noble and all-praise-deserving Pole!
Who loved his country as a Washington,—
Renowned with us for Revolutionary aid;
Renowned in Poland for his victories
O'er Russian-Prussian hosts; and then, alas!
Renowned for that heroic, last defeat!
Bright was thy course! But thy tombstone stands
Where Poland Nation died, oppressed and tramped
Beneath ten times ten thousand robbers' feet.

X L I X.

And then I saw our Hamilton, our Laurens,—
Renowned for genius, youth and talents ;
The mouth-words of our Washington ;—
I saw them shine in all their youth and glory :
Then, e'en as they died, I saw them still.
The one a nation's pride : the other sighed
That he survived his men : "O for kind death !" he cried.
"Savannah flows where my poor soldiers sleep :
They sleep in death upon yon hapless field ;
Their cause and courage live, with fame their shield."
Thus grief had touched his heart ; not shame his sword,
For a bolder spirit had not earth's abode,
Than Colonel Laurens of Palmetto growth.

L.

I viewed a form of majesty supreme,—
The first in war, in peace the first, and first
In his vast country's love ;
In judgment and good sense and modesty,
In place, unequaled, unsurpassed by man ;
A mind magnanimous, benevolent, and great ;
Sagacious, enterprising, prudent ; endowed by God
With virtues of success :—'t was WASHINGTON !
Whose name so bright, words ne'er do justice all.
E'en Europe's conquerer sighed for his fair fame :
Napoleon, the great imperial, sighed
That, "oh ! the name of Washington would live
When his should in the dust of time be lost."

L I.

Magnanimous La Fayette ! I saw thee there ;
And with the souls of those most beauteous didst
Thou stand. Thy name, inscribed on high with theirs,
On the bright temple's brightest column shone ;

And many fields were of thy fame: the Brandywine
Was that where first thy noble blood was spilt.

L I I.

Strange, strange, that thou, with all that might entice thee,—
The lord of opulence,—thy lady fair,
As amiable as woman e'er could be,
With youth and charms and bright intelligence,
And both blest to enjoy domestic bliss,—
Strange that thy France, with all her charms, not hold thee!
But true, to oppression's scorns a foe thou wert,—
Friend of humanity, great De La Fayette!

L I I I.

Had France not scorned thee, but been sober still,
She had not drenched her lovely plains in blood;
And Danton, Jacobinic Robespierre, had not
Disgraced the name of France to savage spirits,—
Had not ignobly spilt her purest blood,—
And France had got her aim—her wished republic.
But no: they scorned thy wisdom. Guillotines
Were all the rage: France raged for Frenchmen's blood;
And the sage and proven friend of liberty
They list not to, though calm, averse to titles,
And all that wise men sought the advocate.

L I V.

Astounding fact, and strange ingratitude!
Great De La Fayette! yes, they envied much thy greatness:
And Germans, Prussians, Austrians, gloried in thy fall.
Inglorious thing that they imprisoned thee!
'T were cowardly and mean, even as an eagle,
But with an eagle's sense, and human soul,
'T were hard to feel such iron hands' control.
Thou dwelt through sad and dreary years in cells,

While thy Washington, in America's land,
In soul a friend to thee, far from thee reigned.
And Britain had a Fox who stood thy friend,
As when a champion of American rights he stood
A noble Whig with Pitt,—Pitt in the arms of death,—
Yes Pitt, immortal Pitt, magnanimous of right,
And other kindred spirits. None could help thee.
And thus thou wert a monument in prisons
Held by those allied kings, till last Napoleon,
Through his unequalled skill, freed France and thee.
One noble deed and good for thee, Napoleon!
Well said Lord Byron (Britain's noblest bard):
 "One step into the right had made
 This man the Washington of worlds betrayed;
 One step into the wrong has given
His name a doubt to every whispering wind of heaven."
He freed thy France, but with imperial mantle,—
Ah! sad!—that freedom he revoked.

L V.

My vision fled. I had not counted o'er
All those bright heroes freemen should revere,
Who strove in fair America's just cause,
Cheered by our land and fair ones' bright applause;
For in a group I viewed our Southern army,
Led on by Greene, entwined with greenest laurels.
Yes valiant Greene conspicuously stands:
His name was known and felt through many a field.
On Guilford plains he not in vain contends;
And Lord Cornwallis and his myrmidons
Were puzzled in their souls,—were sadly crippled.

L V I.

Nor yet at Hobkirk did we fight for naught.
The foe's sad history tells that not in vain

We fought,—fought Rawdon, whom the natives hate:
This lord,—this savage, yea, in many a deed,
And by all laws of Heaven declared,—was beaten;
Not in barbarity, in strife, was beaten.

The Eutaw Springs are noted, too, for strife.
Green grew palmettoes there for General Greene;
And, intertwined with cypress and the willow,
And laurel's beauty, they bedeck his head;
And decked the brows of many a Southern son,—
Decked those who spilt their blood in her red battles;
Yes bright the wreathes that did encompass them,—
And many a brawny boy here claimed his share.
Sons of America did each his work;
And each gained glory for their sons in time.

L V I I .

Lee, Sumpter, Marion,—Campbell, too, was there,—
Part in a vista bright and clear and fair;
And Stevens, Huger, Henderson, and Williams,
Pickens, the Colonel and young Washington,
There basked in panoramic tints and beauty,—
All celebrated for their Southern glory:
And sunny smiles of fairest Southern ladies,
That glory won through the palmetto region,
Was glory of the time,—is glory now,
But glitters not on mortal's living brow.

L V I I I .

But next, La Fayette in Virginia meets
Cornwallis, Arnold, Phillips, and the rest;
And with their rear-division skirmishes,—
Fights with success. The enemy here fled;
But o'er that vale were spread the signs of strife.
Where strife before had raged,—had raged for hours,
And British corpses strewed the sand with ours,—
McDonald spies a dying friend;

And on his breast, in gilded letters, ran
(Too bright, too beautiful, for mortal man!)
Words that the LAURA of our age may speak
In living sentiment, with pallid cheek:—

L I X .

“Friend of a distant shore,
Sweet Isadore!
To thee my spirit warms;
How I would stretch my arms,
And clasp thee to my bosom, Isadore!
But never, never more,
Shall I clasp thee to my bosom, Isadore!
Love came thy peace to mar,
And thou, my star,
Grew’st paler day by day,
Mourning one far away:—
Thus hast thou perished, Isadore!
A southern ocean rear
Is hymning thy requiem, Isadore!
I meet thee in my dreams:
The haunted streams
Give back thy pale, sweet cheek,—
Thy eyes:—thus, in my sleep,
I clasp thee to my bosom, Isadore!
Thy ringlets floating down,
Goldenly brown,
Sweep my cheek: thou art here!
I feel thee ever near:
Thy presence breathes around me, Isadore!
Yet never, never more,
Shall I clasp thee to my bosom, Isadore!
Oh, Isadore! my Isadore!
My heart-strings pour
A well from out their cell,
For thee loved, loved so well.

Friend of my bosom, Isadore!
Weep, wail; for never more
Shall I clasp thee to my bosom, Isadore!
Thou wast too fair, my dove,
For aught but love!
And like the breath of flowers,
In the sunlit summer hours,
Thy soul exhaled, sweet Isadore!
I shall never clasp thee more
To my sad and earnest bosom, Isadore!

These beauteous lines were writ with charms, you see,
By the fair poetess of Tennessee:
In mental justice lay them not to me.

L X.

McDonald wept to see this hero die,—
His friend through youth. He wept, and, watching, sighed,
“’Tis Barton! best and earliest friend!” he cried.
“My friend!—alas! and thus he dies! A gasp!—
Alas, tis death! but sadder than I’ve seen
’Mid thousands bleeding on one gory green.
Perhaps his life’s short span may claim another
Sad gasp, and then farewell forever
A long farewell, to all thy earthly bliss.
Thou sinkest, I hope, to a happier land than this.
A gasp, a sigh, to death that life is borne,
As if in torrents dire, and all is gone:
So sinks the flickering lamp, to dregs consumed;
It dies, revives, then dies, and all is gone.

L X I.

“His body lately youthful, gay, and active,
So filled with sprightliness, now fails, now withers:
His pulse is sunk; sensation all is ceased;
And even the eye—that mightiest feature—

Is still and motionless: it has no awe,
No magic power, now. That intellect is gone,
E'en ere his life is fled; but with that shade
Life may unite again,—if not on earth,
In realms ethereal. Ah! I fear, I fear,
That skull, that did embrace all human organs,
Non-suited forever,—all dreamy union gone,
With life's connective link. Can man's intellect
Upon that former happy seat have rest?
If so, how sweetly will he dream through time,
Through vast eternity!

“Cold is thy heart; lifeless thy brains:
Thy life is all a sleep. Can it be dream?
Ah, happy be thy honest dream, if dream!”

L X I I .

And Spangle (Barton's friend) related thus
Of their late strife:—“Few were our men, of course;
But in revenge we followed Traitor Arnold,—
Yes, in revenge for crimes ineffable
Did we pursue him to our deaths, our graves,—
And Barton led our band,—he who bore away
That Briton Prescott from Rhode Island isle,
While moonbeams played on Naragansett Bay,
And thus exulted over Britain's prowess,—
Ah, yes, much valor had this iron man;
Though rough, yet of a smooth and noble heart.
A name for noble deeds hadst thou, dear shade!
All souls that bear that name are not, like thee,
The sons of liberty, of honor, fame, and glory.
And thou, McDonald, who, like him, I love,
(Like this sad shade in death, we grieve as friend),
To thee I speak this truth to God above,—
That, though the name McDonald is a fair one,
Not all that bear thy name are fair as thou;
Though true that name shines clear in Southern Charleston.

L X I I I.

There fell McDonald. No braver man
Than he e'er lived,—e'er shed his hallowed blood
For liberty.

A son of the Palmetto State, the pride,
And worthy as her worthiest sons, was he;
And much unlike McDon., that Northern monster
Who, strange to say, bore thy fair name, though traitor.
And thus McDonald's name shines not with glory
Where Susquehanna deep through Wyoming flows
Her chaste and lovely stream:—that ancient name
Save shame ineffably sad claims nothing more.

L X I V.

'T was there, associated with the name of Butler, ']
A demon bore thy name, in human form,—
Bore all that 's mean a renegade could bear,—
Sad impress vile of Indian's dark barbarity!
And there a traitor bore the name of Butler:
Matched names are Butler and McDonald. True,
In men of worth and hell-deserving men
Both names are famed for love of country,—both
Alike are damned as renegades. Alas!
Could you behold how like a paradise
Had smiled the Susquehanna's Wyoming,—
Then in black ruins blent,—rifled, pillaged,—
Her happy people butchered,—all the woes,
The horrors all, that tongue in vain describes,—
Had you beheld it then,—soon after,—ah!
Your blood might curdle, veins congeal with grief;
But soon like Mercury, like Mars, would wake
Against the names, McDonald, Butler, Brandt,—
'Gainst their dark Tory bands,—that deathless hate
Which e'er for outraged innocence we feel.

L X V.

But in revenge for this guerrilla war,—
This cruel (more than treasonable) invasion,
That plunged the fairest vale in deadliest gloom,—
The names of Butler and McDonald wiped
Away the stains of their dear names, in part;
For, under our New England Sullivan,
Your men and you, brave Colonel, fought
McDonalds, Butlers,—all the traitor clan
Of centuar-demons, garbed as men,
And durk, ungrateful namesakes,—countrymen
Who led the Iroquois to brutal deeds,
To deeds abhorred and damned by all the good.

L X V I.

Thus meet chastisement they; thus perched
Success upon our banner. Many Indians fell:
Their hamlets were destroyed,—their orchards, corn,
Dogs, cattle, villages,—and to the owls
And wolves an undisputed reign was given,
Till after times.

How different now that more than polished plain!
And undulated New York, with its landscapes,
So famed for wheat, for wealth, and quietude!

How different, too, is Wyoming, now!
Once more it smiles a paradise on earth,
And thy bright goddess, Liberty, lives there:
She lives in beauteous peace through all the States,
And rich in wide-spread luxury is crowned.

L X V I I.

But the fate of many a patriotic soul
Was doomed to wander from their bleeding clans.
Sadder their fates than his sage Milton mentions;
Sadder than aught Wyoming's words can image!—

E'en than the victim of the serpent's guile,—
The world's progenitress, our general parents,
Adam and Eve,—when from that garden Eden
(Earth's only paradise of joy) they were driven,
Spurned from the presence of their God Creator,
Heaven's offended Majesty, to seek,
Amid the wild and grotesque wilderness,
And gloomy solitudes of untilled earth,
A resting-place, driven by the frowns of Heaven,—
The frowns of Omnipotence, the omniscient God:—
Sadder than this thy victims, sad Wyoming!

L X V I I I .

Their fate I liken to that hapless Inca,
Lord of an ever-verdant Indian isle;
But, dispossessed by Spaniards, destitute
He wanders in canoe through sparkling waters
Of Caribbe, and views lost paradise.
And ever and anon strange ships of ocean,
Laden in works of art, from Europe came.
These, clad in vestures of despair, he views,
While aromatic odors floating o'er,
In spicy gales, the gulf, the isles, the sea.
Cheered by the goodly sight of stately isles,
And mingled incense winning nature's smiles,
They slack their sails, and many a hardy crew
Inhales the odors from that spicy isle.

L X I X .

The Inca's eyes one longing look more throws
Upon the vale whose bright ambrosial sweets,
Like Eden-land, were shed for him, but ne'er
Again for him to fall,—a paradise lost:
His bark and he upon wild billows tossed.
He looks in sadness on that home once calm,
Where cypress, cocoa, and umbrageous palm,

Hung redolent with flowers and fruit of golden hue:
These waved along the borders. Home's sweet view,
Enhanced by all that nature's sons adore,
Seemed shedding tears in bidding him adieu,
While waves phosphoric beat upon the shore
Of Eden-isle, where once he reigned as lord;
But in his breast there beats no sweet accord.

L X X .

Full o'er that shore the tropic fruits were given,
And odors wafted from fields of heaven,
With spikenard, myrrh, and cinnamon,
The fig and citron, olive, palm, and almond:
These oft his soul regaling did he view;
But, orange-groves and cinnamon, adieu!
Adieu all roses that adorn the vale!
And daintiest lilies, delicate and pale!
These never, never more to meet his smile!
And his bright squaws now captives on that isle!
And Inca driven off! driven from his Eden!
Driven thence by men he deems a race of gods!
Driven—no more to meet his children's smiles!—
And sad as this thy fugitives Wyoming.

L X X I .

What boots the oft repeated tale of strife,—
The feasts of tyrants on frail creature man?
Fame lightly glows o'er fellow mortals' life;
And yet the sanguinary field of woe
Brings not alone for kings dark glory's lure,
For liberty is won by crimson streams
That from the breasts of valiant heroes flow.
And here, through many a toil fair Freedom gleams:
One battle more,—he then in lustrous beauty beams.
Before the march of Washington arise

The dust, like smoky clouds that dim the skies.
Arrived at York, his patriotic eye
Saw not in vain, backed by that wisest head;
But spake his soul to conquer or to die.
This day of joy was British chieftain's dread.

L X X I I .

Cornwallis there in York he soon surrounds,
And far and wide his loud artillery sounds.
His men, bemourning Scammell's cruel fate,
Were fired with wrath,—dark death their foes await.
These men, with lightning-lit, vindictive eyes,
Dart gleams, as o'er their souls dark passions rise.
La Fayette's brilliant fleet along the Bay
Of Chesapeake in gorgeous colors lay,
Prepared to sound his deep-mouthed thunders high,
And cast dull vapors o'er the lowering sky.
The godlike Washington, on fame's bright spire,
Shone with the beauty of celestial fire.

L X X I I I .

La Fayette (What true-born Whig could not admire?)
Here stood by Washington in glory's scene,
Whose swords were gilt in terrible sheen,
Now won their laurels of undying green.
With Washington what majesty compare!
La Fayette shone by his side a brilliant star.
To sever the cold chain that fain might enthrall,
Our Laurens leads the way at glory's call.
Hark! soon the foe with ensigns crouching fall!
In deathless strife the heroes meet. Dark steel
On steel resounds; and swords to swords they deal.
As rocks rebound on rocks, as ax on wood,
Reecho far, as roar the sounding flood.
Blood burst, and smoke around, caps tossed on high,

The polished yews in strains of sadness ring;
Spears fall to earth, darts rush along the sky,
Like noise of troubled sea when lightnings fling
Its vivid fire, and thunders rolling die.

L X X I V.

Thus havoc flew as on wild angel's wing.
Stung by the storm of war they mercy cry;
A ghostlike voice arose and questioned why:
"Remember Scammell lately doomed to die.
Such mercy as he had shall be our foes'!"
On, on, with many a tinted sword, the combat goes.
"You are Americans!" great George replies.
At this they poise their arms in mercy skies.
Lo, Britons yield, and mercy fair is given,
In reverence of feelings sent from Heaven.

This balm-like news announced in Congress' hall,—
Cornwallis, Britain's famous general's fall,—
Bright grew our faces, sparkling beamed sad eyes,
And far and wide that joy expanding flies.

L X X V.

In Parliament pervading gloom arose,
Panged to their souls at their successful foes.
They now repent; but O too late the hour
To rivet fast again their vanquished power!
Then Britain's forces stir for Albion's isle;
Mixed with dark sobs shone many a gladdening smile.
They smiled, serenely smiled, to gain the sight
Of land, where their hopes had earliest glowed with light;
A view of their own native vales and hills,
Their meads, their fountains, limpid bounding rills.

L X X V I.

Much joy pervaded Congress. Britain's king
Was filled with grief:—a vile and wretched thing.

The Devil's mirror to his men was sent ;
Hence gloom pervaded in their Parliament.
Lord North, Prime Minister with the Great Seal,
Swoons at the news from transatlantic ports ;
Ten thousand Furies seemed with thunder peal
To blast the splendor of imperial courts ;
And now, despite his misdirected zeal,
The world must glory in the rebel weal.

L'X X V I I .

To bed, and fevered, frenzied and insane,
Afar shone angels,—demons 'round him kneel
(That angels should be near might seem profane,
But in their light the guilty wretch must feel).
The angel said, "Ye Tory sons of pain,
Do honor 'round your dying tyrant's fane.
Before thy soul is sent to purgatory,
The disembodied souls of many a Tory
From that dark place I'll call for you, Lord North !
Rich be your banquet spread of blood and broth !
Stark blind and lunatic I'll make your king ;
Your Guelf shall be a harmless, helpless thing ;
And with old cooks shall reason, as a fool,
On apple-dumplings and his power to rule."

L X X V I I I .

He said ; and hideous forms rose up,
Each with red jaw, red maw, and bloody cup,
Each eager for the last-appointed sup.
"See here the rebel blood from earth and sky,"
The angel said ; "in sweet blood live and die.
Drink with thy risen dead now flitting by :
Thy predecessors these, and like thy soul ;
Through centuries they 've sipped the bloody bowl ;—
Thy England's splendid sons of deathless blood,
Called from beyond the pale, dark Lethe's flood.

See yon red lion how his red tongue plies
In the rich trough of blood! how wondrous wise!
While murdered innocence of seven wives rise:
'Tis the eighth Harry, of the Tudor line,
A rich theologist, a bold divine,
Who shall his thousand years in Tophet shine,
Though once he graced the field of gold so fine!
His queenly daughter, with red hands and jaws,
Loves roasting heretics and iron laws.
By name of *Bloody Mary* known in life,
Despotic sovereign, and mistaken wife.

Those shadows near (would I but tell the story)
Each had the soul of Jacobite and Tory.
They too from the pale fields of purgatory
Are come, and red to some extent in crimes,
Though true as sovereigns, good they did at times.

Your headless king and wolf-like Cromwell
• Are doomed a few more centuries to dwell
In purgatory, near the shades of hell.

L X X I X .

What savage hellhounds yonder do we see,
In giant forms, and warring on the free?
Lo, one James Graham, Lord of Claverhouse,
By bulldog Jeffreys sinks into a mouse.
And see yon lion with the jackal head;
In life on carnate man he gleely fed.
He's brought his bloodhounds to this jubilee;
And bulldogs, too, along their sides you see.
Yon barbarous scoundrel Kirk, from old Tangier,
Howls as of old for blood, more blood, in fear
Of want; and Jeffreys see,—that bulldog judge,
Who, with all hellhounds near him, snarls in grudge.
See how he licks from earth the scattered sweets;
See how this brute with James the Second meets;
Red scoundrels yet, and, in their beastly shapes,

Sometimes are jackals, and sometimes are apes.

And when their time in Limbo shall expire,
Vain for a nook in Heaven shall they aspire.
From purgatory they shall fall and blend
With all the hideous things that Heaven can send.
And swim in brimstone, blazing with blue fire ;
Though lower down their doleful howls rise higher ;
And all hell's inmates, save the buzzard fowls,
Shall disregard their screamings or their howls.
The Devil long shall chuckle o'er the fate
Of loathsome beasts that angels love to hate ;
But you, prime man, are destined not like these :
You are a living man that yet have knees,
A marble heart that melts, if Heaven shall please."
He said, and the great jubilee was ended ;
And the wild beasts in howls to hell descended.

L X X X .

Our grandsires' souls were overfilled with joy :
Each man and woman, maid and girl and boy,
With sparkling eyes, might monarchy annoy :
Their heroes, heroines, every where were bright,
And Washington was toasted day and night.

And Lord Cornwallis, doomed to ground his arms,
Heard *Yankee Doodle* played in Yankee charms.
These were the words that floated on the air,
While Britons reaped ambition in despair:—

John Bull grew mad, swore in his wrath
He'd make the Yankees chowder,
And o'er the ocean bent his path
To sweeten it with powder.

But Yankee men were fond of tea,
Yet Yankees have their choosing,
And all their sweets brought o'er the sea
The Yankees were refusing.

Then Johnny Bull, on many a plain,
Waged war upon our Yankees :
John lost ; John won ; but ne'er John's gains
Gave sanctifying thankies.

But Yankee men were fond of tea,
Yet Yankees have their choosing,
And all their sweets brought o'er the sea
The Yankees were refusing.

Lord Howe, Cornwallis, Clinton ; Lords
Brown, Rawdon, and Burgoyne, sirs,
All figure in John Bull's records ;—
Their cause such as should born fears.

But Yankee men were fond of tea,
Yet Yankees have their choosing,
And all their sweets brought o'er the sea
The Yankees were refusing.

But little York here crowns the whole ;
She captures many a dandy :
Our Yankee Chief, with glowing soul,
Receives their arms so handy.

For Yankee men were fond of tea,
Yet Yankees have their choosing,
And all their sweets brought o'er the sea
We Yankees were refusing.

L X X X I .

Such was great George, and such the cause he gained,
Bright fame and glory crown his living name.
He led our fathers on, who well disdained
To crouch to sea-king Britain, when he came
To grind our hopes to dust in tyrant zeal.

His well-poised valor shades could ne'er conceal.
 Where now is he? Alas! he can no longer feel
 Or hear the Godlike man his country's praise!
 Did death his strength, his dauntless courage seal?
 Of all he was, his fame, that ne'er decays,
 Remains a monument for other days.

L X X X I I .

Adieu to battle's din!—McDon. returns,
 And sighs o'er early friendship's sad'ning urns.
 Warm tears o'er tombs of dearest friends he sheds;
 And dear had several been whose lives had fled.
 And now their graves are all, their ashes' earth,
 Are all remaining to the eager eye
 Of flowers too sadly, rashly, doomed to die;
 Yes flowers whose cups beamed brightly at their birth,
 And through the sweet brief hours of morn were fair.
 Welcome kind tears, mementoes of the worth
 Of ashes dumb, that held once souls of mirth.

To his bright home of youth McDonald wends:
 At home he greets his ancient natal friends.
 E'en in his father's hall,—and Vespa's tongue
 (Whose girlish charms to womanhood had sprung)
 Awoke his soul,—mellifluously grand
 Arose the notes her tiny fingers flung.
 A captive once, with warlike features bland,
 He's now retaken, but wins fair Vespa's hand.

L X X X I I I .

And Spangle is at home; but what awaits him there?
She once he loved blooms beautifully and fair
 In vain to him. Before *Sans Hymen's* throne
 She vows her plighted faith to one unknown
 (At least to him), now stranger in that hall.
 And music's softest, sweetest accents ring,
 And stirs his soul to fancy's olden call;

And beauty's glance brings but mem'ry's stings,
And shades of life around his heart it flings.
Men of all clans, the fair sex all admire,
And love them dressed in golden, gay attire.
Such was his damsel's gaudy trim,
And most bewitching of her sex to him ;
Of mind accomplished, and affections warm,
With music's charms, perfection's graceful form :
But oh, how transient are all charms at last !
How brightly blooming, and how quickly passed !
Thus she : but Spangle, how felt he ?
For Spangle views the dame he longed to see.

L X X X I V.

Does lying fancy say his soul was light,
To meet her not as when he sighed adieu
Some years before, when life was wondrous new,
At parting weeping with an anguish true ?
Not so his mien ; no toys could bring delight ;
Fain had he joyed, glad disbelief the sight
That shone with all the pangs of beauty's light.
Philosophers in soul some balsams bring
To heal those hearts where joys most faintly spring ;
And so did he. No smiles e'en on his lips
Played brightly ere Madeira's wines he sips.

L X X X V.

Gone were till then his smiles from lip or eye ;
No token spoke save traces of the sigh.
With thoughts most deep of other days impressed,
Of joys departed, and of soul unblest,
He stood unheeded in that hall awhile,
While dazzling wit was flowing in each smile :
Too lovely and bewitching to believe
Such power could lurk to ruin or deceive !
And to his secret soul in gloom he said,

“Powers of heart, illumine Spangle’s head!
Powers of beauty, rid me of this smart,
And give to Spangle back again his heart!
Wine, women, music, banish Cupid’s dart!
Fair Wisdom lend me once again thy shield;
And Spangle’s master of his native field,
Or ever after, with a neat precision,
No scepter sways him all without division.”

L X X X V I.

Lo, there’s enough for all, enough for each,
Sweet nature’s monitor in all things teach;
Enough in the wide earth, in air, in sea,
Where birds inhabit, men and fishes be.
In all things lovely, genial love we see;
Some war, indeed, but much of harmony.
In the vast sea, despite of seine or net,
Fish beautiful abound and gambol yet;
Despite the fowler’s arts of craft and skill,
Birds rich in plumage wing through ether still:
Then in the wide ocean of untrammelled fair,
No gallant gentleman should court despair.

Now farewell, Muse! my harpstrings now farewell!

Farewell forever, my Scribblings: I’ll give o’er.
If aught I write be good, may others tell:

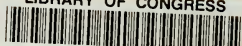
But Muses should with brightest heroes glow,
For thus it ever were in times of yore.

Adieu! let enmity with Pluto dwell;
And friendly union let our empire know.
My Muse, by me uncharmed, fades as a spell;
So, Readers and fair Epics, fare ye well!

BURKITT J. NEWMAN.



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